



Class PP3587

Book K65

1714

THE ENGLISH POEMS OF HENRY KING





PORTRAIT OF BISHOP HENRY KING

PAINTED IN FEBRUARY OR MARCH, 1642, AND NOW HANGING
IN THE OLD LECTURE ROOM, CHRIST CHURCH,
OXFORD. ARTIST UNKNOWN

(From a photograph taken for this edition by the Clarendon Press, Oxford.)

THE ENGLISH POEMS
OF
HENRY KING, D.D.

1592-1669

SOMETIME BISHOP OF CHICHESTER

NOW FIRST COLLECTED FROM VARIOUS
SOURCES AND EDITED BY

LAWRENCE MASON, PH.D.



NEW HAVEN: YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON: HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
MDCCCCXIV

PR 3539
.K65
1914

COPYRIGHT, 1914
BY YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Printed from type December, 1914, 500 copies

DEC 26 1914

© Cl. A 393040

TO
A. M. C. S.

PREFACE

This work aims to present a complete edition of Bishop Henry King's English poems.

The *editio princeps* of the poems, a modest and exceedingly rare little octavo, is dated 1657; but the unsold copies of that printing were re-issued in 1664 and again in 1700, with a new title-page upon each occasion, and to those copies bearing the earlier date were affixed thirty-eight additional pages of Elegies. After 1700 no edition appeared until 1843, when the Rev. J. Hannah republished more than half of King's poetry in an elaborately annotated form which has long been out of print.

The present edition includes the twenty-nine poems omitted by Hannah as well as the fifty selected by him, and in addition another considerable elegy that has not been reprinted since 1649; while four of King's hitherto uncollected poems or parts of poems are here for the first time printed, from various MSS., together with five other pieces whereof his authorship cannot be so definitely proved, but of which four are almost certainly his work. Hannah printed a somewhat inaccurate reading of his text, and also thought it best "to revise the punctuation," often unnecessarily and not seldom quite unhappily; the present edition offers an exact reproduction of the *editio princeps* except for the numbering of the lines and the natural differences in fonts of type, with a faithful

transcript of the new material hitherto uncollected. The Notes at the end of this volume have been reduced to the smallest compass consistent with the elucidation of all real difficulties presented by the text; and variant readings resulting from the collation of numerous MSS. or early printed versions of the poems have been recorded only where the meaning of the line is materially affected.

It has seemed best to include in this edition no excerpts from Henry King's version of the Psalms in metre, published in 1651, because that work possesses little merit or interest, to modern eyes, and may well be left for the specialist to consult intact. Selections from that work, however, as well as an exhaustive biography and bibliography, a critical essay, much related material, and a full *apparatus criticus* will be found in a Thesis by the present writer deposited in the Yale University Library, New Haven, Conn. Of this Thesis the Biography and Bibliography have been printed in full among the *Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences*, Vol. XVIII.¹

It now remains only to acknowledge my indebtedness for assistance received in preparing this work. Professor Edward Bliss Reed suggested the subject to me, and has advised and guided me throughout. Hannah's scholarly edition has been an invaluable help. My thanks are also due to the Very Reverend the Dean and the Chapter of Christ Church, Oxford; the authorities of the Bodleian, British Museum, and Lambeth Palace Libraries; Professor

¹ Cf. Bibliographical Note, pp. 187-9, inf.

PREFACE

C. W. Mendell, of Yale College; Miss E. G. Parker, of Chalfont Road, Oxford; Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Streeter, of Boston, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Chase, of Waterbury, Conn.

L. M.

Yale College, New Haven, Conn.

July 10, 1914.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Frontispiece: Portrait of Bishop Henry King	
Preface	v
Table of Contents	ix
Introduction	1
Facsimile of the title-page in the 1664 issue of the <i>Editio Princeps</i>	7
The Preface of the <i>Editio Princeps</i> : "The Publishers to the Author"	9
Poems	
<i>The Double Rock</i>	13
<i>The Vow-Breaker</i>	13
<i>Upon a Table-Book presented to a Lady</i>	14
<i>To the same Lady upon Mr. Burtons Melancholy</i>	15
<i>The Farewell</i>	15
<i>A Black-moor Maid wooing a fair Boy</i>	16
<i>The Boyes answer to the Blackmoor</i>	17
<i>To a Friend upon Overbury's wife given to her</i>	17
<i>Upon the same</i>	18
<i>To A. R. upon the same</i>	18
<i>An Epitaph on Niobe turned to Stone</i>	18
<i>Upon a Braid of Hair in a Heart sent by Mrs.</i> <i>E. H.</i>	18
<i>Sonnet: "Tell me no more how fair she is"</i>	19
<i>Sonnet: "Were thy heart soft"</i>	19
<i>Sonnet: "Go thou that vainly"</i>	20
<i>Sonnet. To Patience</i>	20

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<i>Silence. A Sonnet</i>	21
<i>Loves Harvest</i>	22
<i>The Forlorn Hope</i>	23
<i>The Retreat</i>	23
<i>Sonnet: "Tell me you stars"</i>	24
<i>Sonnet: "I Prethee turn that face away"</i>	25
<i>Sonnet: "Dry those fair, those chrystal eyes"</i>	25
<i>Sonnet: "When I entreat"</i>	26
<i>To a Lady who sent me a copy of verses</i>	26
<i>The Pink</i>	27
<i>To his Friends of Christ-Church upon the mislike of the Marriage of the Arts acted at Woodstock</i>	28
<i>The Surrender</i>	29
<i>The Legacy</i>	31
<i>The Short Wooing</i>	33
<i>St. Valentines day</i>	34
<i>To his unconstant Friend</i>	35
<i>Madam Gabrina, Or the Ill-favourd Choice</i>	38
<i>The Defence</i>	40
<i>To One demanding why Wine sparkles</i>	41
<i>By occasion of the Young Prince his happy birth</i>	42
<i>Upon the Kings happy return from Scotland</i>	45
<i>To the Queen at Oxford</i>	47
<i>A salutation of his Majesties Ship the Sovereign</i>	49
<i>An Epitaph On his most honoured Friend Richard Earl of Dorset</i>	50
<i>The Exequy</i>	51
<i>The Anniverse. An Elegy</i>	55
<i>On two Children dying of one Disease, and buried in one Grave</i>	57

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<i>A Letter</i>	57
<i>An Acknowledgment</i>	60
<i>The Acquittance</i>	62
<i>The Forfeiture</i>	63
<i>The Departure. An Elegy</i>	64
<i>Paradox</i>	66
<i>Paradox</i>	69
<i>The Change</i>	73
<i>To my Sister Anne King, who chid me in verse for being angry</i>	74
<i>An Elegy Upon the immature loss of the most vertuous Lady Anne Rich</i>	75
<i>An Elegy Upon Mrs. Kirk unfortunately drowned in Thames</i>	78
<i>An Elegy Upon the death of Mr. Edward Holt</i> .	80
<i>To my dead friend Ben: Johnson</i>	81
<i>An Elegy Upon Prince Henry's death</i>	83
<i>An Elegy Upon S. W. R.</i>	84
<i>An Elegy Upon the L. Bishop of London John King</i>	85
<i>Upon the death of my ever desired friend Doctor Donne Dean of Pauls</i>	86
<i>An Elegy Upon the most victorious King of Sweden Gustavus Adolphus</i>	89
<i>To my Noble and Judicious Friend Sir Henry Blount upon his Voyage</i>	94
<i>To my honoured Friend Mr. George Sandys</i> .	99
<i>The Woes of Esay</i>	103
<i>An Essay on Death and a Prison</i>	108

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<i>The Labyrinth</i>	111
<i>Being waked out of my sleep by a snuff of Candle which offended me, I thus thought</i>	112
<i>Sic Vita</i>	113
<i>My Midnight Meditation</i>	114
<i>A Penitential Hymne</i>	114
<i>An Elegy Occasioned by sickness</i>	115
<i>The Dirge</i>	119
<i>An Elegy Occasioned by the losse of the most incomparable Lady Stanhope</i>	121
<i>An Elegy Upon my Best Friend L. K. C.</i>	123
<i>On the Earl of Essex</i>	125
<i>An Elegy on Sir Charls Lucas, and Sir George Lisle</i>	126
<i>An Elegy upon the most Incomparable King Charls the First</i>	137
Engraving of photostat of pp. 34, 35 in Henry King's Anniversary Sermon, Jan. 30, 1665, to face page	152
Facsimile of the colophon in the <i>Editio Princeps</i>	156
A Deepe Groane, <i>fetch'd</i> At the Funerall of that incomparable and Glorious Monarch, <i>Charles the First</i>	157
Epigrams	168
Additional Poems hitherto Unprinted	171
<i>Upon ye untimely death of J. K. first borne of HK.</i>	173

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<i>To one that demaunded why the wine sparkles</i>	. 174
<i>To a Lady that sent mee a Coppy of Verses</i>	. 174
<i>Epigram</i>	. 174
Doubtful Poems	. 175
<i>A Contemplation upon Flowers</i>	. 177
<i>The Complaint</i>	. 178
<i>On his Shaddow</i>	. 179
<i>Wishes to my sonne John, for this new, and all succeeding years</i>	. 181
<i>[In obitum sanctissimi viri Di. Dris. Spenseri]</i>	. 183
Bibliographical Note	. 187
Notes	. 191

INTRODUCTION

Henry King's armorial bearings illustrate the family claim to descent from the ancient Saxon monarchs of Devonshire. At all events, his ancestors in the sixteenth century were very distinguished men, and his father, John King (1559?-1621), was an eminent prelate highly esteemed by Elizabeth and James, Bishop of London for the last ten years of his life, and historically memorable for his prosecution of the last Smithfield martyr. Henry King himself, the eldest son of Bishop John, "was born in the same house and chamber at Wornal, in Bucks, wherein his father had received his first breath, in the month of January,"¹ 1592. Educated at Westminster School and at Christ Church, Oxford, he followed in his father's footsteps, and became successively chaplain to James and Charles, archdeacon of Colchester, canon of Christ Church, dean of Rochester, and finally, on February 6, 1642, Bishop of Chichester. Meanwhile, he had married Anne Berkeley, granddaughter of Sir Maurice Berkeley, of Throwley, in Kent, about 1617-1618, who died about 1624 after having borne him five sons and a daughter, two only of whom, John and Henry, appear to have long survived her. It is possible that he married again, about 1631, but the evidence is not conclusive. He remained in enjoyment of his bishopric less than eleven months, for with the outbreak of the civil war he was

¹ Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses," ed. Bliss, 1815, III, 839.

INTRODUCTION

dispossessed by the Parliamentarians and all his property sequestrated. From 1643 to 1647 he lived in retirement at Albury, Surrey, probably with his cousins, the Duncombes, but in 1647 was apparently compelled to leave that neighborhood on account of an indiscretion on the part of his son John, and accordingly moved north to his late brother John's establishment at Blakesware, in southeastern Hertfordshire, near his friend Sir John Mounson's manor at Broxbourne. He was at Langley, Bucks, in 1651; and in 1657 at Hitcham, also in Bucks—driven from place to place by Parliamentary persecution, apparently, and supported by the charity of friends and relatives. During the interregnum he figured prominently in the various efforts made to preserve the threatened Apostolic succession. In 1660 he was restored to his see and lived there, "the epitome of all honours, virtues, and generous nobleness,"¹ until his death, September 30, 1669.

There is little in the career or historical position of Bishop Henry King to call for extended notice today; he becomes important only on account of his poetical work, which claims the attention of readers in general, as well as of professed students of literature, on perhaps three chief grounds: much of it is well worth reading and remembering for its own sake, it strikingly illustrates the transition from Elizabethan to Queen Anne literature, and lastly it is admirably typical of the work of a large number of little-known but interesting authors, the minor

¹ Quoted by Wood, *op. cit.*, III, 841.

poets of the forty years from the death of Shakespeare to the appearance of Dryden's first considerable poem.

Many of the graceful trifles on pages 19, 20, 25, 26, 178-180, etc., will commend themselves as very acceptable in their kind, while "The Surrender," "The Legacy," "The Woes of Esay," and most of his elegies possess more solid merits. His earlier work is often deft and sprightly, while his more mature compositions show some real power in thought and style, together with flashes of the true poetic fervor; but his serious claim to recognition as a lyric poet rests on three achievements which few poets need blush to own. "A Contemplation upon Flowers," of which King's authorship is somewhat uncertain, has a meditative sweetness and charm not unworthy of Herbert or Vaughan at little short of their best. "The Exequy, to his Matchless never-to-be-forgotten Friend," with its poignant use of heartfelt apostrophe and pathetic repetition, is one of the most beautiful and moving personal elegies of the century. "Tell me no more how fair she is," perhaps his masterpiece, is a well-nigh flawless little Cavalier gem—not the equal, naturally, of the best of Herrick, Carew, Lovelace, but direct, musical, and distinguished by a sustained neatness of thought and execution.

King's poetry clearly illustrates the transition from Elizabeth to Anne, for it breaks with the past by rejecting Spenserianism, reflects the present by imitating Jonson and Donne,¹ and anticipates the future by tending

¹ They were the gods of Henry King's idolatry; cf. his discipular elegies, pp. 81 and 86, inf.

strongly towards the Waller-Denham-Dryden manner which culminated in the Augustan Age and Pope. The "heroic couplet" is generally recognized as the sign-manual of the eighteenth century, and Henry King, in his increasingly frequent employment of the form, steadily advances towards the "balance, antithesis, epigrammatic wit, rhetorical emphasis," and rare enjambement of Pope's polished distich. But while he exhibits a weighty terseness or pregnant phrasing that is almost Shakespearean,¹ occasionally, and an absurd artificiality or practiced elegance that is almost worthy of Pope,² occasionally, still the bulk of his work is distinctly of the transition, transitional: he is the seventeenth century mean between the sixteenth and eighteenth century extremes.

Major poets, such as Milton or even Butler, are apt to be unique, rather exceptions to the rule than illustrations of it, while minor poets really *are* the rule. This is particularly true in an unsettled and many-sided period of transition, such as most of the seventeenth century. Henry King, not great enough to be above his age or in advance of it, but so distinctly in it and of it as to have felt almost all its varied tendencies and influences, serves admirably as the *unum pro multis caput* in considering the voluminous mass of neglected and often negligible work which nevertheless really constitutes the literary output of the time. For, like practically all these minor writers, he had a profession or career as his real interest

¹ Cf. p. 31, 14-16, 19-24, inf.

² Cf. pp. 34, 1-4; 111, 13-18; 112, 27-32, 41, 42, inf.

INTRODUCTION

in life, and was a poet only by avocation; he paid little or no attention to the publication¹ of his poetical productions; and he tried his hand at many different kinds of verse, under many different inspirations, viz., Cavalier lyrics, personal effusions (including commendatory epistles in verse), elegies, political outpourings, moral and religious compositions, a metrical version of the Psalms, epigrams, paradoxes, translations, and Latin and Greek verse. And, needless to say, he shares the faults as well as the virtues of his fellows. He is thus thoroughly representative of these innumerable nameless minor choristers, as any examination of their scarce little printed volumes or of the many MS. collections in the Bodleian and British Museum clearly shows; and since these seventeenth century minors are being republished in increasing numbers nowadays, through the efforts of Dr. Grosart, Mr. A. H. Bullen, and others, so typical an exemplar of his class should certainly be rendered accessible to readers.

In general, no extravagant claims can be made for Henry King's poetry. His biography shows him to have been not at all extraordinary in character or gifts, and his works naturally rise no higher than their source. Nevertheless, some single poems or detached passages will always arouse admiration and give pleasure, while the literary tendencies illustrated by his work invest his poetry with an importance and interest that cannot be denied and should no longer be ignored.

¹ Cf. "The Publishers to the Author," pp. 9-11, *inf.*

Chapman
POEMS,
ELEGIES,
PARADOXES,

And
SONETS.



LONDON,
Printed for Henry Herringman, and
are to be sold at the *Anchor* in the
lower-walk in the New Ex-
change. 1664.

THE ORIGINAL PREFACE
IN THE EDITIO PRINCEPS OF KING'S POEMS

THE PUBLISHERS TO THE AUTHOR

Sir,

It is the common fashion to make some address to the Readers, but we are bold to direct ours to you, who will look on this publication with Anger which others must welcom into the world with Joy.

The Lord *Verulam* comparing ingenious Authors to those who had Orchards ill neighboured, advised them to publish their own labours, lest others might steal the fruit: Had you followed his example, or liked the advice, we had not thus trespassed against your consent, or been forced to an Apology, which cannot but imply a fault committed. The best we can say for our selves is, that if we have injured you it is meerly in your own defence, preventing the present attempts of others, who to their theft would (by their false copies of these Poems) have added vio-

lence, and some way have wounded your reputation.

Having been long engaged on better contemplations, you may perhaps look down on these *Juvenilia* (most of them the issues of your youthful Muse) with some disdain; and yet the Courteous Reader may tell you with thanks, that they are not to be despised, being far from Abortive, nor to be disowned, because they are both Modest and Legitimate. And thus if we have offered you a view of your younger face, our hope is you will behold it with an un-wrinkled brow, though we have presented the Mirrour against your will.

We confess our design hath been set forward by friends that honour you, who lest the ill publishing might disfigure these things from whence you never expected addition to your credit (sundry times endeavoured and by them defeated) furnished us with some papers which they thought Authentick; we may not turn their favour into an accusation, and therefore give no intimation of their names, but wholly take the blame of this hasty and immethodical impression upon our selves, being persons at a distance, who are fitter to

THE ORIGINAL PREFACE

bear it then those who are neerer related. In hope of your pardon we remain

Your most devoted servants,

Rich: Marriot.

Hen: Herringman.

SONNET.

The Double Rock.

Since thou hast view'd some Gorgon, and art grown
A solid stone:
To bring again to softness thy hard heart
Is past my art.
Ice may relent to water in a thaw; 5
But stone made flesh Loves Chymistry ne're saw.

Therefore by thinking on thy hardness, I
Will petrify;
And so within our double Quarryes Wombe,
Dig our Loves Tombe. 10
Thus strangely will our difference agree;
And, with our selves, amaze the world, to see
How both Revenge and Sympathy consent
To make two Rocks each others Monument.

The Vow-Breaker.

When first the Magick of thine ey,
Usurpt upon my liberty,
Triumphing in my hearts spoyl, thou
Didst lock up thine in such a vow;
When I prove false, may the bright day 5
Be govern'd by the Moons pale ray!
(As I too well remember) This
Thou said'st, and seald'st it with a kiss.

O Heavens! and could so soon that Ty
 Relent in slack Apostacy? 10
 Could all thy Oaths, and morgag'd trust,
 Vanish? like letters form'd in dust
 Which the next wind scatters. Take heed,
 Take heed Revolter; know this deed
 Hath wrong'd the world, which will fare worse 15
 By thy Example then thy Curse.

Hide that false Brow in mists. Thy shame
 Ne're see light more, but the dimme flame
 Of funeral Lamps. Thus sit and moane,
 And learn to keep thy guilt at home. 20
 Give it no vent; for if agen
 Thy Love or Vowes betray more men,
 At length (I fear) thy perjur'd breath
 Will blow out day, and waken Death.

Upon a Table-Book presented to a Lady.

When your fair hand receives this little book
 You must not there for prose or verses look.
 Those empty regions which within you see,
 May by your self planted and peopled be:
 And though we scarce allow your sex to prove 5
 Writers (unless the Argument be Love);
 Yet without crime or envy you have roome
 Here, both the Scribe and Author to become.

To the same Lady upon Mr. Burtons Melancholy.

If in this Glass of Humours you do find
The Passions or diseases of your mind,
Here without pain, you safely may endure,
Though not to suffer, yet to read your cure.
But if you nothing meet you can apply, 5
Then ere you need, you have a remedy.

And I do wish you never may have cause
To be adjudg'd by these fantastick Laws;
But that this books example may be known,
By others Melancholy, not your own. 10

THE FAREWELL.

Splendidis longùm valedico nugis.

Farewell fond Love, under whose childish whip,
I have serv'd out a weary Prentiship;
Thou that hast made me thy scorn'd property,
To dote on Rocks, but yielding Loves to fly:
Go bane of my dear quiet and content, 5
Now practise on some other Patient.

Farewell false Hope that fann'd my warm desire
Till it had rais'd a wild unruly fire,
Which nor sighs cool, nor tears extinguish can,
Although my eyes out-flow'd the Ocean: 10
Forth of my thoughts for ever, Thing of Air,
Begun in errour, finish't in despair.

Farewell vain World, upon whose restless stage
 Twixt Love and Hope I have foold out my age;
 Henceforth ere sue to thee for my redress, 15
 Ile wooe the wind, or court the wilderness;
 And buried from the dayes discovery,
 Study a slow yet certain way to dy.

My woful Monument shall be a Cell,
 The murmur of the purling brook my knell; 20
 My lasting Epitaph the Rock shall grone:
 Thus when sad Lovers ask the weeping stone,
 What wretched thing does in that Center lie?
 The hollow Eccho will reply, 'twas I.

*A Black-moor Maid wooing a fair Boy:
 sent to the Author by Mr. Hen. Rainolds.*

Stay lovely Boy, why fly'st thou mee
 That languish in these flames for thee?
 I'm black 'tis true: why so is Night,
 And Love doth in dark Shades delight.
 The whole World, do but close thine eye, 5
 Will seem to thee as black as I;
 Or op't, and see what a black shade
 Is by thine own fair body made,
 That follows thee where e're thou go;
 (O who allow'd would not do so?) 10
 Let me for ever dwell so nigh,
 And thou shalt need no other shade than I.

Mr. Hen. Rainolds.

The Boyes answer to the Blackmoor.

Black Maid, complain not that I fly,
When Fate commands Antipathy:
Prodigious might that union prove,
Where Night and Day together move,
And the conjunction of our lips 5
Not kisses make, but an Eclipse;
In which the mixed black and white
Portends more terrour than delight.
Yet if my shadow thou wilt be,
Enjoy thy dearest wish: But see 10
Thou take my shadowes property,
That hastes away when I come nigh:
Else stay till death hath blinded mee,
And then I will bequeath my self to thee.

To a Friend upon Overbury's wife given to her.

I know no fitter subject for your view
Then this, a meditation ripe for you,
As you for it. Which when you read you'll see
What kind of wife your self will one day bee:
Which happy day be neer you, and may this 5
Remain with you as earnest of my wish;
When you so far love any, that you dare
Venture your whole affection on his care,
May he for whom you change your Virgin-life
Prove good to you, and perfect as this Wife. 10

Upon the same.

Madam, who understands you well would swear,
That you the Life, and this your Copie were.

To A. R. upon the same.

Not that I would instruct or tutor you
What is a Wifes behest, or Husbands due,
Give I this Widdow-Wife. Your early date
Of knowledge makes such Precepts slow and late.
This book is but your glass, where you shall see 5
What your self are, what other Wives should bee.

An Epitaph on Niobe turned to Stone.

This Pile thou seest built out of Flesh, not Stone,
Contains no shroud within, nor mouldring bone:
This bloodless Trunk is destitute of Tombe
Which may the Soul-fled Mansion enwombe.
This seeming Sepulchre (to tell the troth) 5
Is neither Tomb nor Body, and yet both.

Upon a Braid of Hair in a Heart sent by Mrs. E. H.

In this small Character is sent
My Loves eternal Monument.
Whil'st we shall live, know, this chain'd Heart
Is our affections counter-part.
And if we never meet, think I 5
Bequeath'd it as my Legacy.

SONNET

SONNET.

Tell me no more how fair she is,
I have no minde to hear
The story of that distant bliss
I never shall come near:
By sad experience I have found 5
That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am
To tempt a daring Fate,
From whence no triumph ever came,
But to repent too late: 10
There is some hope ere long I may
In silence dote my self away.

I ask no pity (Love) from thee,
Nor will thy justice blame,
So that thou wilt not envy mee 15
The glory of my flame:
Which crowns my heart when ere it dyes,
In that it falls her sacrifice.

SONNET.

Were thy heart soft as thou art faire,
Thou wer't a wonder past compare:
But frozen Love and fierce disdain
By their extremes thy graces stain.
Cold coyneſſe quenches the ſtill fires 5
Which glow in Lovers warm deſires;

And scorn, like the quick Lightnings blaze,
Darts death against affections gaze.

O Heavens, what prodigy is this
When Love in Beauty buried is! 10
Or that dead pity thus should be
Tomb'd in a living cruelty.

SONNET.

Go thou that vainly do'st mine eyes invite
To taste the softer comforts of the night,
And bid'st me cool the feaver of my brain,
In those sweet balmy dewes which slumber pain;
Enjoy thine own peace in untroubled sleep, 5
Whil'st my sad thoughts eternal vigils keep.

O could'st thou for a time change breasts with me,
Thou in that broken Glass shouldst plainly see,
A heart which wastes in the slow smothering fire
Blown by despair, and fed by false desire, 10
Can onely reap such sleeps as Sea-men have,
When fierce winds rock them on the foaming wave.

SONNET.

To Patience.

Down stormy passions, down; no more
Let your rude waves invade the shore
Where blushing reason sits and hides
Her from the fury of your tides.

Fit onely 'tis where you bear sway 5
That Fools or Franticks do obey;
Since judgment, if it not resists,
Will lose it self in your blind mists.

Fall easie Patience, fall like rest
Whose soft spells charm a troubled breast: 10
And where those Rebels you espy,
O in your silken cordage tie
Their malice up! so shall I raise
Altars to thank your power, and praise
The soveraign vertue of your Balm, 15
Which cures a Tempest by a Calm.

Silence.

A SONNET.

Peace my hearts blab, be ever dumb,
Sorrowes speak loud without a tongue:
And my perplexed thoughts forbear
To breath your selves in any ear:
Tis scarce a true or manly grief 5
Which gaddes abroad to find relief.

Was ever stomack that lackt meat
Nourisht by what another eat?
Can I bestow it, or will woe
Forsake me when I bid it goe? 10
Then Ile believe a wounded breast
May heal by shrift, and purchase rest.

But if imparting it I do
 Not ease my self, but trouble two,
 'Tis better I alone possess 15
 My treasure of unhappiness:
 Engrossing that which is my own
 No longer then it is unknown.

If silence be a kind of death,
 He kindles grief who gives it breath; 20
 But let it rak't in embers lye,
 On thine own hearth 'twill quickly dye;
 And spight of fate, that very wombe
 Which carries it, shall prove its tombe.

Loves Harvest.

Fond Lunatick forbear, why do'st thou sue
 For thy affections pay e're it is due?
 Loves fruits are legal use; and therefore may
 Be onely taken on the marriage day.
 Who for this interest too early call, 5
 By that exaction lose the Principall.

Then gather not those immature delights,
 Untill their riper Autumn thee invites.
 He that abortive Corn cuts off his ground,
 No Husband but a Ravisher is found: 10
 So those that reap their love before they wed,
 Do in effect but Cuckold their own Bed.

THE FORLORN HOPE

The Forlorn Hope.

How long vain Hope do'st thou my joys suspend?
Say! must my expectation know no end!
Thou wast more kind unto the wandering Greek
Who did ten years his Wife and Country seek:
Ten lazy Winters in my glass are run,
Yet my thoughts travail seems but new begun.

Smooth Quick-sand which the easy World beguiles,
Thou shalt not bury me in thy false smiles.
They that in hunting shadowes pleasure take
May benefit of thy illusion make. 10

Since thou hast banisht me from my content
I here pronounce thy finall banishment.

Farewell thou dream of nothing! thou meer voice!
Get thee to fooles that can feed fat with noise:
Bid wretches markt for death look for reprieve, 15
Or men broke on the wheel perswade to live.
Henceforth my comfort and best Hope shall be,
By scorning Hope, nere to rely on thee.

The Retreat.

Pursue no more (my thoughts!) that false unkind,
You may assoon imprison the North-wind ;
Or catch the Lightning as it leaps ; or reach
The leading billow first ran down the breach ;

Or undertake the flying clouds to track 5
In the same path they yesterday did rack.

Then, like a Torch turn'd downward, let the same
Desire which nourisht it, put out your flame.

Loe thus I doe divorce thee from my brest,
False to thy vow, and traitour to my rest! 10
Henceforth thy tears shall be (though thou repent)
Like pardons after execution sent.

Nor shalt thou ever my loves story read,
But as some Epitaph of what is dead.
So may my hope on future blessings dwell, 15
As 'tis my firm resolve and last farewell.

SONNET.

Tell me you stars that our affections move,
Why made ye me that cruell one to love?
Why burnes my heart her scorned sacrifice,
Whose breast is hard as Chrystall, cold as Ice?

God of Desire! if all thy Votaries 5
Thou thus repay, succession will grow wise;
No sighs for incense at thy Shrine shall smoke,
Thy Rites will be despis'd, thy Altars broke.

O! or give her my flame to melt that snow
Which yet unthaw'd does on her bosome grow; 10
Or make me ice, and with her chrystall chaines
Binde up all love within my frozen veines.

SONNET.

I Prethee turn that face away
Whose splendour but benights my day.
Sad eyes like mine, and wounded hearts
Shun the bright rayes which beauty darts.
Unwelcome is the Sun that pries 5
Into those shades where sorrow lies.

Go shine on happy things. To me
That blessing is a miserie:
Whom thy fierce Sun not warmes, but burnes,
Like that the sooty Indian turnes. 10
Ile serve the night, and there confin'd
Wish thee less fair, or else more kind.

SONNET.

Dry those fair, those chrystal eyes
Which like growing fountains rise
To drown their banks. Griefs sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrow'd looks.
Thy lovely face was never meant 5
To be the shoar of discontent.

Then clear those watrish starres again
Which else portend a lasting rain;
Lest the clouds which settle there
Prolong my Winter all the Year: 10
And the example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake.

SONNET.

When I entreat, either thou wilt not hear,
 Or else my suit arriving at thy ear
 Cools and dies there. A strange extremitie
 To freeze ith' Sun, and in the shade to frie.
 Whil'st all my blasted hopes decline so soon, 5
 Tis Evening with me, though at high Noon.

For pity to thy self, if not to me
 Think time will ravish, what I lose, from thee.
 If my scorcht heart wither through thy delay,
 Thy beauty withers too. And swift decay 10
 Arrests thy Youth. So thou whil'st I am slighted
 Wilt be too soon with age or sorrow nighted.

*To a Lady who sent me a copy of verses at my
 going to bed.*

Lady your art or wit could nere devise
 To shame me more then in this nights surprise.
 Why I am quite unready, and my eye
 Now winking like my candle, doth deny 5
 To guide my hand, if it had ought to write;
 Nor can I make my drowsie sense indite
 Which by your verses musick (as a spell
 Sent from the Sybellean Oracle)
 Is charm'd and bound in wonder and delight,
 Faster then all the leaden chains of night. 10

What pity is it then you should so ill
Employ the bounty of your flowing quill,
As to expend on him your bedward thought,
Who can acknowledge that large love in nought
But this lean wish; that fate soon send you those 15
Who may requite your rhimes with midnight prose?

Mean time, may all delights and pleasing Theams
Like Masquers revell in your Maiden dreams,
Whil'st dull to write, and to do more unmeet,
I, as the night invites me, fall asleep. 20

The Pink.

Fair one, you did on me bestow
Comparisons too sweet to ow;
And but I found them sent from you
I durst not think they could be true.

But 'tis your uncontrolled power 5
Goddess-like to produce a flower,
And by your breath, without more seed,
Make that a Pink which was a Weed.

Because I would be loth to miss
So sweet a Metamorphosis, 10
Upon what stalk soere I grow
Disdain not you sometimes to blow
And cherish by your Virgin eye
What in your frown would droop and die:

So shall my thankful leaf repay 15
 Perfumed wishes every day:
 And o're your fortune breathe a spell
 Which may his obligation tell,
 Who though he nought but she can give
 Must ever your (Sweet) creature live. 20

*To his Friends of Christ-Church upon the mislike
 of the Marriage of the Arts acted at Woodstock.*

But is it true, the Court mislik't the Play,
 That Christ-Church and the Arts have lost the day;
 That Ignoramus should so far excell,
 Their Hobby-horse from ours hath born the Bell?

Troth you are justly serv'd, that would present 5
 Ought unto them, but shallow merriment;
 Or to your Marriage-table did admit
 Guests that are stronger far in smell than wit.

Had some quaint Bawdry larded ev'ry Scene,
 Some fawning Sycophant, or courted queane; 10
 Had there appear'd some sharp cross-garter'd man
 Whom their loud laugh might nick-name Puritan,
 Cas'd up in factious breeches and small ruffe,
 That hates the surplis, and defies the cuffe:
 Then sure they would have given applause to crown 15
 That which their ignorance did now cry down.

Let me advise, when next you do bestow
Your pains on men that do but little know,
You do no Chorus nor a Comment lack,
Which may expound and construe ev'ry Act: 20
That it be short and slight; for if 't be good
Tis long, and neither lik't nor understood.

Know tis Court fashion still to discommend
All that which they want brain to comprehend.

The Surrender.

My once dear Love; hapless that I no more
Must call thee so: the rich affections store
That fed our hopes, lies now exhaust and spent,
Like summes of treasure unto Bankrupts lent.

We that did nothing study but the way 5
To love each other, with which thoughts the day
Rose with delight to us, and with them set,
Must learn the hateful Art how to forget.

We that did nothing wish that Heav'n could give
Beyond our selves, nor did desire to live 10
Beyond that wish, all these now cancell must
As if not writ in faith, but words and dust.

Yet witness those cleer vowes which Lovers make,
Witness the chaste desires that never brake

Into unruly heats; witness that brest 15
 Which in thy bosom anchor'd his whole rest,
 Tis no default in us, I dare acquite
 Thy Maiden faith, thy purpose fair and white
 As thy pure self. Cross Planets did envie
 Us to each other, and Heaven did untie 20
 Faster then vowes could binde. O that the Starres,
 When Lovers meet, should stand oppos'd in warres!

Since then some higher Destinies command,
 Let us not strive nor labour to withstand
 What is past help. The longest date of grief 25
 Can never yield a hope of our relief;
 And though we waste our selves in moist laments,
 Tears may drown us but not our discontents.

Fold back our arms, take home our fruitless loves,
 That must new fortunes trie, like Turtle Doves 30
 Dislodged from their haunts. We must in tears
 Unwind a love knit up in many years.
 In this last kiss I here surrender thee
 Back to thy self, so thou again art free.
 Thou in another, sad as that, resend 35
 The truest heart that Lover ere did lend.

Now turn from each. So fare our sever'd hearts
 As the divorc't soul from her body parts.

The Legacy.

My dearest Love! when thou and I must part,
And th' icy hand of death shall seize that heart
Which is all thine; within some spacious will
Ile leave no blanks for Legacies to fill:
Tis my ambition to die one of those 5
Who but himself hath nothing to dispose.

And since that is already thine, what need
I to re-give it by some newer deed?
Yet take it once again. Free circumstance
Does oft the value of mean things advance: 10
Who thus repeats what he bequeath'd before,
Proclaims his bounty richer than his store.

But let me not upon my love bestow
What is not worth the giving. I do ow
Somewhat to dust: my bodies pamper'd care 15
Hungry corruption and the worm will share.
That mouldring relick which in earth must lie
Would prove a gift of horreur to thine eie.

With this cast ragge of my mortalitie
Let all my faults and errours buried be. 20
And as my sear-cloth rots, so may kind fate
Those worst acts of my life incinerate.
He shall in story fill a glorious room
Whose ashes and whose sins sleep in one Tomb.

- If now to my cold hearse thou deign to bring 25
 Some melting sighs as thy last offering,
 My peaceful exequies are crown'd. Nor shall
 I ask more honour at my Funerall.
 Thou wilt more richly balm me with thy tears
 Then all the Nard fragrant Arabia bears. 30
- And as the Paphian Queen by her griefs show'r
 Brought up her dead Loves Spirit in a flow'r:
 So by those precious drops rain'd from thine eies
 Out of my dust, O may some vertue rise!
 And like thy better Genius thee attend, 35
 Till thou in my dark Period shalt end.
- Lastly, my constant truth let me commend
 To him thou choosest next to be thy friend.
 For (witness all things good) I would not have
 Thy Youth and Beauty married to my grave, 40
 'Twould shew thou didst repent the style of wife
 Should'st thou relapse into a single life.
- They with preposterous grief the world delude
 Who mourn for their lost Mates in solitude;
 Since Widdowhood more strongly doth enforce 45
 The much lamented lot of their divorce.
 Themselves then of their losses guilty are
 Who may, yet will not suffer a repaire.
- Those were Barbarian wives that did invent
 Weeping to death at th' Husbands Monument, 50

But in more civil Rites She doth approve
Her first, who ventures on a second Love ;
For else it may be thought, if She refrain,
She sped so ill Shee durst not trie again.

Up then my Love, and choose some worthier one 55
Who may supply my room when I am gone ;
So will the stock of our affection thrive
No less in death, then were I still alive.
And in my urne I shall rejoyce, that I
Am both Testatour thus and Legacie. 60

The Short Wooing.

Like an Oblation set before a Shrine,
Fair One! I offer up this heart of mine.
Whether the Saint accept my Gift or no,
Ile neither fear nor doubt before I know.
For he whose faint distrust prevents reply, 5
Doth his own suits denial prophecy.

Your will the sentence is; Who free as Fate
Can bid my love proceed, or else retreat.
And from short views that verdict is decreed
Which seldom doth one audience exceed. 10
Love asks no dull probation, but like light
Conveyes his nimble influence at first sight.

I need not therefore importune or press;
This were t'extort unwilling happiness:

And much against affection might I sin: 15
 To tire and weary what I seek to win.
 Towns which by lingring siege enforced be
 Oft make both sides repent the victorie.

Be Mistriss of your self: and let me thrive
 Or suffer by your own prerogative. 20
 Yet stay, since you are Judge, who in one breath
 Bear uncontrolled power of Life and Death,
 Remember (Sweet) pity doth best become
 Those lips which must pronounce a Suitors doome.

If I find that, my spark of chast desire 25
 Shall kindle into Hymens holy fire:
 Else like sad flowers will these verses prove,
 To stick the Coffin of rejected Love.

St. Valentines day.

Now that each feather'd Chorister doth sing
 The glad approches of the welcome Spring:
 Now Phœbus darts forth his more early beam,
 And dips it later in the curled stream,
 I should to custome prove a retrograde 5
 Did I still dote upon my sullen shade.

Oft have the seasons finisht and begun;
 Dayes into Months, those into years have run,
 Since my cross Starres and inauspicious fate
 Doom'd me to linger here without my Mate: 10

Whose loss ere since befrosted my desire,
Left me an Altar without Gift or Fire.

I therefore could have wisht for your own sake
That Fortune had design'd a nobler stake
For you to draw, then one whose fading day 15
Like to a dedicated Taper lay
Within a Tomb, and long burnt out in vain,
Since nothing there saw better by the flame.

Yet since you like your Chance, I must not try
To marre it through my incapacity. 20
I here make title to it, and proclaime
How much you honour me to wear my name;
Who can no form of gratitude devise,
But offer up my self your sacrifice.

Hail then my worthy Lot! and may each Morn 25
Successive springs of joy to you be born:
May your content ne're wane, untill my heart
Grown Bankrupt, wants good wishes to impart.
Henceforth I need not make the dust my Shrine,
Nor search the Grave for my lost Valentine. 30

To his unconstant Friend.

But say thou very woman, why to me
This fit of weakness and inconstancie?
What forfeit have I made of word or vow,
That I am rack't on thy displeasure now?
If I have done a fault I do not shame 5

To cite it from thy lips, give it a name:
 I ask the banes, stand forth, and tell me why
 We should not in our wonted loves comply?
 Did thy cloy'd appetite urge thee to trie
 If any other man could love as I? 10
 I see friends are like clothes, lad up whil'st new,
 But after wearing cast, though nere so true.
 Or did thy fierce ambition long to make
 Some Lover turn a martyr for thy sake?
 Thinking thy beauty had deserv'd no name 15
 Unless some one do perish in that flame:
 Upon whose loving dust this sentence lies,
 Here's one was murther'd by his Mistriss eyes.

Or was't because my love to thee was such,
 I could not choose but blab it? swear how much 20
 I was thy slave, and doting let thee know,
 I better could my self then thee forgo.

Hearken ye men that ere shall love like me,
 Ile give you counsel gratis: if you be
 Possest of what you like, let your fair friend 25
 Lodge in your bosom, but no secrets send
 To seek their lodging in a female brest;
 For so much is abated of your rest.
 The Steed that comes to understand his strength
 Growes wild, and casts his manager at length: 30
 And that tame Lover who unlocks his heart
 Unto his Mistriss, teaches her an art
 To plague himself; shews her the secret way
 How She may tyrannize another day.

And now my fair unkindness, thus to thee; 35
 Mark how wise Passion and I agree:
 Hear and be sorry for't. I will not die
 To expiate thy crime of levitie:
 I walk (not cross-arm'd neither) eat, and live,
 Yea live to pity thy neglect, not grieve 40
 That thou art from thy faith and promise gone,
 Nor envy him who by my loss hath won.
 Thou shalt perceive thy changing Moon-like fits
 Have not infected me, or turn'd my wits
 To Lunacie. I do not mean to weep 45
 When I should eat, or sigh when I should sleep;
 I will not fall upon my pointed quill,
 Bleed ink and Poems, or invention spill
 To contrive Ballads, or weave Elegies
 For Nurses wearing when the infant cries. 50
 Nor like th'enamour'd Tristrums of the time,
 Despair in prose, and hang my self in rhyme.
 Nor thither run upon my verses feet,
 Where I shall none but fools or mad-men meet,
 Who mid'st the silent shades, and Myrtle walks, 55
 Pule and do penance for their Mistress faults.
 I'm none of those poetick male-contents
 Born to make paper dear with my laments:
 Or wild Orlando that will rail and vex,
 And for thy sake fall out with all the sex. 60
 No, I will love again, and seek a prize
 That shall redeem me from thy poor despise.
 Ile court my fortune now in such a shape
 That will no faint die, nor starv'd colour take.

Thus launch I off with triumph from thy shore, 65
 To which my last farewell; for never more
 Will I touch there. I put to Sea again
 Blown with the churlish wind of thy disdain.
 Nor will I stop this course till I have found
 A Coast that yields safe harbour, and firm ground. 70

Smile ye Love-Starres; wing'd with desire I fly
 To make my wishes full discovery:
 Nor doubt I but for one that proves like you,
 I shall find ten as fair, and yet more true.

Madam Gabrina, Or the Ill-favour'd Choice.

*Con mala Muger el remedio
 Mucha Tierra por el medio.*

I have oft wondred why thou didst elect
 Thy Mistress of a stuff none could affect,
 That wore his eyes in the right place. A thing
 Made up, when Natures powers lay slumbering.
 One, where all pregnant imperfections met 5
 To make her sexes scandal: Teeth of jet,
 Hair dy'd in Orpment, from whose fretful hew
 Canidia her highest Witch-crafts drew.
 A lip most thin and pale, but such a mouth
 Which like the Poles is stretched North and South. 10
 A face so colour'd, and of such a form,
 As might defiance bid unto a storm:

And the complexion of her sallow hide
Like a wrack't body washt up by the Tyde:
Eyes small: a nose so to her vizard glew'd 15
As if 'twould take a Planets altitude.
Last for her breath, 'tis somewhat like the smell
That does in Ember weeks on Fishstreet dwell;
Or as a man should fasting scent the Rose
Which in the savoury Bear-garden growes. 20
If a Fox cures the Paralyticall,
Had'st thou ten Palsies, she'd out-stink them all.

But I have found thy plot: sure thou did'st trie
To put thy self past hope of jealousy:
And whil'st unlearned fools the senses please, 25
Thou cur'st thy appetite by a disease;
As many use to kill an itch withall,
Quicksilver or some biting Minerall.

Dote upon handsome things each common man
With little study and less labour can; 30
But to make love to a Deformity,
Onely commends thy great ability,
Who from hard-favour'd objects draw'st content,
As Estriches from iron nutriment.

Well take her, and like mounted George, in bed 35
Boldly atchieve thy Dragons Maiden-head:
Where (though scarce sleep) thou mayst rest confident
None dares beguile thee of thy punishment:
The sin were not more foul he should commit,
Then is that She with whom he acted it. 40

Yet take this comfort: when old age shall raze,
 Or sickness ruine many a good face,
 Thy choice cannot impair; no cunning curse
 Can mend that night-peece, that is, make her worse.

The Defence.

*Piengan los Enamorados
 Que tienen los otros, los oios quebranta dos.*

Why slightest thou what I approve?
 Thou art no Peer to try my love,
 Nor canst discern where her form lyes,
 Unless thou saw'st her with my eyes.

Say she were foul and blacker than 5
 The Night, or Sun-burnt African,
 If lik't by me, tis I alone
 Can make a beauty where was none;
 For rated in my fancie, she
 Is so as she appears to me. 10

But tis not feature, or a face,
 That does my free election grace,
 Nor is my liking onely led
 By a well temperd white and red;
 Could I enamour'd grow on those, 15
 The Lilly and the blushing Rose
 United in one stalk might be
 As dear unto my thoughts as she.

But I look farther, and do find
A richer beauty in her mind; 20
Where something is so lasting fair,
As time or age cannot impair.
Had'st thou a perspective so cleere,
Thou could'st behold my object there;
When thou her vertues should'st espy, 25
Theyl'd force thee to confess that I
Had cause to like her, and learn thence
To love by judgment not by sence.

To One demanding why Wine sparkles.

So Diamonds sparkle, and thy Mistriss eyes;
When tis not Fire but light in either flies.
Beauty not thaw'd by lustful flames will show
Like a fair mountain of unmelted snow:
Nor can the tasted vine more danger bring 5
Then water taken from the chrystall Spring,
Whose end is to refresh and cool that heat
Which unallayd becomes foul vices seat:
Unless thy boyling veins, mad with desire
Of drink, convert the liquor into fire. 10
For then thou quaff'st down feavers, thy full bowles
Carouse the burning draughts of Portia's coles.

If it do leap and sparkle in the cup,
Twill sink thy cares, and help invention up.
There never yet was Muse or Poet known 15
Not dipt or drenched in this Helicon.

But Tom! take heed thou use it with such care
 As Witches deal with their Familiar.
 For if thy vertues circle not confine
 And guard thee from the Furies rais'd by wine, 20
 'Tis ten to one this dancing spirit may
 A Devil prove to bear thy wits away;
 And make thy glowing nose a Map of Hell
 Where Bacchus purple fumes like Meteors dwell.
 Now think not these sage moralls thee invite 25
 To prove Carthusian or strict Rechabite;
 Let fooles be mad, wise people may be free,
 Though not to license turn their libertie.
 He that drinks wine for health, not for excess,
 Nor drownes his temper in a drunkenness, 30
 Shall feel no more the grapes unruly fate,
 Then if he took some chilling Opiate.

By occasion of the Young Prince his happy birth.

At this glad Triumph, when most Poets use
 Their quill, I did not bridle up my Muse
 For sloth or less devotion. I am one
 That can well keep my Holy-dayes at home;
 That can the blessings of my King and State 5
 Better in pray'r then poems gratulate;
 And in their fortunes bear a loyal part,
 Though I no bone-fires light but in my heart.

Truth is, when I receiv'd the first report
 Of a new Starre risen and seen at Court; 10

Though I felt joy enough to give a tongue
Unto a mute, yet duty strook me dumb:
And thus surpriz'd by rumour, at first sight
I held it some allegiance not to write.

For howere Children, unto those that look 15
Their Pedigree in God's, not the Church book,
Fair pledges are of that eternitie
Which Christians possess not till they die;
Yet they appear view'd in that perspective
Through which we look on men long since alive, 20
Like succours in a Camp, sent to make good
Their place that last upon the watches stood.
So that in age, or fate, each following birth
Doth set the Parent so much neerer earth:
And by this Grammar we our heirs may call 25
The smiling Preface to our funerall.

This sadded my soft sense, to think that he
Who now makes Lawes, should by a bold decree
Be summon'd hence to make another room,
And change his Royal Palace for a tomb. 30
For none ere truly lov'd the present light,
But griev'd to see it rivall'd by the night:
And if't be sin to wish that light extinct,
Sorrow may make it treason but to think't.
I know each male-content or giddy man, 35
In his religion with the Persian,
Adores the rising Sun; and his false view
Best likes not what is best, but what is new.

O that we could these gangrenes so prevent
 (For our own blessing and their punishment) 40
 That all such might, who for wild changes thirst,
 Rack't on a hopeless expectation, burst,
 To see us fether time, and by his stay
 To a consistence fix the flying day;
 And in a Solstice by our prayers made, 45
 Rescue our Sun from death or envies shade.

But here we dally with fate, and in this
 Stern Destiny mocks and controules our wish;
 Informing us, if fathers should remain
 For ever here, children were born in vain; 50
 And we in vain were Christians, should we
 In this world dream of perpetuities.
 Decay is natures Kalendar; nor can
 It hurt the King to think he is a man;
 Nor grieve, but comfort him, to hear us say 55
 That his own children must his Scepter sway.
 Why slack I then to contribute a vote
 Large as the Kingdoms joy, free as my thought?
 Long live the Prince, and in that title bear
 The world long witness that the King is here: 60
 May he grow up till all that good he reach
 Which we can wish, or his Great Father teach:
 Let him shine long a mark to Land and Mayn,
 Like that bright Spark plac't nearest to *Charles Wayn*,
 And like him lead successions golden Teame, 65
 Which may possess the Brittish Diademe.

But in the mean space, let his Royal Sire,
Who warmes our hopes with true Promethean fire,
So long his course in time and glory run,
Till he estate his vertue on his son. 70
So in his Fathers dayes this happy One
Shall crowned be, yet not usurp the Throne;
And *Charles* reign still, since thus himself will be
Heir to himself through all Posteritie.

Upon the Kings happy return from Scotland.

So breaks the day when the returning Sun
Hath newly through his Winter Tropic run,
As You (Great Sir!) in this regress come forth
From the remoter Climate of the North.

To tell You now what cares, what fears we past, 5
What Clouds of sorrow did the land ore-cast,
Were lost, but unto such as have been there
Where the absented Sun benights the year:
Or have those Countreys travelld which nere feel
The warmth and vertue of his flaming wheel. 10

How happy yet were we! that when you went,
You left within your Kingdomes firmament
A Partner-Light, whose lustre may despise
The nightly glimm'ring Tapers of the skies,
Your peerless Queen; and at each hand a Starre 15
Whose hopeful beams from You enkindled are.
Though (to say truth) the light which they could bring
Serv'd but to lengthen out our evening.

Heavens greater lamps illumine it; each spark
 Adds onely this, to make the sky less dark. 20
 Nay She who is the glory of her sex
 Did sadly droop for lack of Your reflex:
 Oft did She her fair brow in lonesness shrowd,
 And dimly shone, like Venus in a cloud.

Now are those gloomy mists dry'd up by You, 25
 As the Worlds eye scatters the Ev'ning dew:
 And You bring home that blessing to the land
 Which absence made us rightly understand.

Here may You henceforth stay! there need no charms
 To hold You, but the circle of her arms, 30
 Whose fruitful love yields You a rich increase,
 Seales of Your joy, and of the Kingdomes peace.
 O may those precious pledges fixe You here,
 And You grow old within that chrystall Sphere!

Pardon this bold detention. Else our love 35
 Will meerly an officious trouble prove.
 Each busie minute tells us as it flies,
 That there are better objects for your eyes.
 To them let us leave you, whil'st we go pray,
 Raising this triumph to a Holy-day. 40

And may that soul the Churches blessing want;
 May his content be short, his comforts scant,
 Whose Bosom-Altar does no incense burn,
 In thankful sacrifice for your return.

To the Queen at Oxford.

Great Lady! That thus quite against our use,
We speak your welcome by an English Muse,
And in a vulgar tongue our zeales contrive,
Is to confess your large prerogative,
Who have the pow'rful freedom to dispense 5
With our strict Rules, or Customes difference.

Tis fit when such a Star deigns to appeare
And shine within the Academick Spheare,
That ev'ry Colledge grac't by your resort,
Should onely speak the language of your Court; 10
As if Apollo's learned Quire, but *You*
No other *Queen of the Ascendent* knew.

Let those that list invoke the Delphian name,
To light their verse, and quench their doting flame;
In Helicon it were High Treason now, 15
Did any to a feign'd Minerva bow;
When *You* are present, whose chast vertues stain
The vaunted glories of her Maiden brain.

I would not flatter. May that dyet feed
Deform'd and vicious soules: they onely need 20
Such physick, who grown sick of their decayes,
Are onely cur'd with surfets of false praise;
Like those, who fall'n from Youth or Beauties grace,
Lay colours on which more bely the face.

Be You still what You are; a glorious Theme 25
 For Truth to crown. So when that Diademe
 Which circles Your fair brow drops off, and time
 Shall lift You to that pitch our prayers climbe;
 Posterity will plat a nobler wreath,
 To crown Your fame and memory in death. 30
 This is sad truth and plain, which I might fear
 Would scarce prove welcome to a Princes ear;
 And hardly may you think that Writer wise
 Who preaches there where he should poetize;
 Yet where so rich a bank of goodness is, 35
 Triumphs and Feasts admit such thoughts as this;
 Nor will your vertue from her Client turn,
 Although he bring his tribute in an urn.

Enough of this: who knowes not when to end
 Needs must by tedious diligence offend. 40
 'Tis not a Poets office to advance
 The precious value of allegiance.
 And least of all the rest do I affect
 To word my duty in this dialect.

My service lies a better way, whose tone 45
 Is spirited by full devotion.
 Thus whil'st I mention *You, Your Royal Mate,*
 And *Those* which your blest line perpetuate,
 I shall such votes of happiness rehearse,
 Whose softest accents will out-tongue my verse. 50

A salutation of his Majesties Ship the Sovereign.

Move on thou floating Trophée built to fame!
And bid her trump spread thy Majestick name;
That the blew Tritons, and those petty Gods
Which sport themselves upon the dancing floods,
May bow as to their *Neptune*, when they feel 5
The awful pressure of thy potent keel.

Great wonder of the time! whose form unites,
In one aspect two warring opposites,
Delight and horror; and in them portends
Diff'ring events both to thy foes and friends: 10
To these thy radiant brow, Peaces bright Shrine,
Doth like that golden Constellation shine,
Which guides the Sea man with auspicious beams,
Safe and unshipwrackt through the troubled streams,
But, as a blazing Meteor, to those 15
It doth ostents of blood and death disclose.
For thy rich Decks lighten like Heavens fires,
To usher forth the thunder of thy Tires.

O never may cross wind, or swelling wave
Conspire to make the treach'rous sands thy grave: 20
Nor envious rocks in their white foamy laugh
Rejoyce to wear thy losses Epitaph.
But may the smoothest, most successful gales
Distend thy sheet, and wing thy flying sails:
That all designs which must on thee embark, 25
May be securely plac't as in the Ark.

May'st thou, where ere thy streamers shall display,
 Enforce the bold disputers to obey:
 That they whose pens are sharper then their swords,
 May yield in fact what they deny'd in words. 30
 Thus when th'amazed world our Seas shall see
 Shut from Usurpers, to their own Lord free,
 Thou may'st returning from the conquer'd Main,
 With thine own Triumphs be crown'd *Sovereign*.

AN EPITAPH

*On his most honoured Friend Richard Earl of
 Dorset.*

Let no profane ignoble foot tread neer
 This hallow'd peece of earth, *Dorset lies here.*
 A small sad relique of a noble spirit,
 Free as the air, and ample as his merit;
 Whose least perfection was large, and great 5
 Enough to make a common man compleat.
 A soul refin'd and cull'd from many men,
 That reconcil'd the sword unto the pen,
 Using both well. No proud forgetting Lord,
 But mindful of mean names and of his word. 10
 One that did love for honour, not for ends,
 And had the noblest way of making friends
 By loving first. One that did know the Court,
 Yet understood it better by report
 Then practice, for he nothing took from thence 15
 But the kings favour for his recompence.

One for religion, or his countreys good
That valu'd not his Fortune nor his blood.
One high in fair opinion, rich in praise;
And full of all we could have wisht, but dayes. 20

He that is warn'd of this, and shall forbear
To vent a sigh for him, or lend a tear;
May he live long and scorn'd, unpiti'd fall,
And want a mourner at his funerall.

The Exequy.

Accept thou Shrine of my dead Saint,
Instead of Dirges this complaint;
And for sweet flowres to crown thy hearse,
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy griev'd friend, whom thou might'st see 5
Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss! since thy untimely fate
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee: thou art the book,
The library whereon I look 10
Though almost blind. For thee (lov'd clay)
I languish out not live the day,
Using no other exercise
But what I practise with mine eyes:
By which wet glasses I find out 15
How lazily time creeps about
To one that mourns: this, onely this

My exercise and bus'ness is:
So I compute the weary houres
With sighs dissolv'd into showres. 20

Nor wonder if my time go thus
Backward and most preposterous;
Thou hast benighted me, thy set
This Eve of blackness did beget,
Who was't my day, (though overcast 25
Before thou had'st thy Noon-tide past)
And I remember must in tears,
Thou scarce had'st seen so many years
As Day tells houres. By thy cleer Sun
My love and fortune first did run; 30
But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my Hemisphear,
Since both thy light and motion
Like a fled Star is fall'n and gon,
And twixt me and my soules dear wish 35
The earth now interposed is,
Which such a strange eclipse doth make
As ne're was read in Almanake.

I could allow thee for a time
To darken me and my sad Clime, 40
Were it a month, a year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then;
And all that space my mirth adjourn,
So thou wouldst promise to return;
And putting off thy ashy shrowd 45
At length disperse this sorrows cloud.

But woe is me! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes: never shall I
Be so much blest as to descry 50
A glimpse of thee, till that day come
Which shall the earth to cinders doome,
And a fierce Feaver must calcine
The body of this world like thine,
(My Little World!) that fit of fire 55
Once off, our bodies shall aspire
To our soules bliss: then we shall rise,
And view our selves with cleerer eyes
In that calm Region, where no night
Can hide us from each others sight. 60

Mean time, thou hast her earth: much good
May my harm do thee. Since it stood
With Heavens will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-liv'd right and interest 65
In her, whom living I lov'd best:
With a most free and bounteous grief,
I give thee what I could not keep.
Be kind to her, and prethee look
Thou write into thy Dooms-day book 70
Each parcell of this Rarity
Which in thy Casket shrin'd doth ly:
See that thou make thy reck'ning streight,
And yield her back again by weight;
For thou must audit on thy trust 75
Each graine and atome of this dust,

As thou wilt answer *Him* that lent,
Not gave thee my dear Monument.

So close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw, my *Bride* is laid. 80

Sleep on my *Love* in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness must 85
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy Tomb.
Stay for me there; I will not faile
To meet thee in that hallow Vale. 90
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree, 95
And ev'ry houre a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise neerer my West
Of life, almost by eight houres saile,
Then when sleep breath'd his drowsie gale. 100

Thus from the Sun my Bottom steers,
And my dayes Compass downward bears:
Nor labour I to stemme the tide
Through which to *Thee* I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield, 105
Thou like the *Vann* first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to dy
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave. 110
But heark! My pulse like a soft Drum
Beats my approach, tells *Thee* I come;
And slow howere my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by *Thee*.

The thought of this bids me go on, 115
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. *Dear* (forgive
The crime) I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part. 120

The Anniverse.

AN ELEGY.

So soon grown old! hast thou been six years dead?
Poor earth, once by my Love inhabited!
And must I live to calculate the time
To which thy blooming youth could never climbe,
But fell in the ascent! yet have not I 5
Studi'd enough thy losses history.

How happy were mankind if Death's strict lawes
 Consum'd our lamentations like the cause!
 Or that our grief turning to dust might end
 With the dissolved body of a friend! 10

But sacred Heaven! O how just thou art
 In stamping deaths impression on that heart
 Which through thy favours would grow insolent,
 Were it not physick't by sharp discontent.
 If then it stand resolv'd in thy decree 15
 That still I must doom'd to a Desart be
 Sprung out of my lone thoughts, which know no path
 But what my own misfortune beaten hath:
 If thou wilt bind me living to a coarse,
 And I must slowly waste; I then of force 20
 Stoop to thy great appointment, and obey
 That will which nought avail me to gainsay.

For whil'st in sorrowes Maze I wander on,
 I do but follow lifes vocation.
 Sure we were made to grieve: at our first birth 25
 With cries we took possession of the earth;
 And though the lucky man reputed be
 Fortunes adopted son, yet onely he
 Is Natures true born child, who summes his years
 (Like me) with no Arithmetick but tears. 30

*On two Children dying of one Disease, and buried
in one Grave.*

Brought forth in sorrow, and bred up in care,
Two tender Children here entombed are:
One Place, one Sire, one Womb their being gave,
They had one mortal sickness, and one grave.
And though they cannot number many years 5
In their Account, yet with their Parents tears
This comfort mingles; Though their dayes were few
They scarcely sinne, but never sorrow knew:
So that they well might boast, they carry'd hence
What riper ages lose, their innocence. 10

You pretty losses, that revive the fate
Which in your mother death did antedate,
O let my high-swol'n grief distill on you
The saddest drops of a Parentall dew:
You ask no other dower then what my eyes 15
Lay out on your untimely exequies:
When once I have discharg'd that mournfull skore,
Heav'n hath decreed you ne're shall cost me more,
Since you release and quit my borrow'd trust,
By taking this inheritance of dust. 20

A Letter.

I ne'r was drest in Forms; nor can I bend
My pen to flatter any, nor commend,
Unless desert or honour do present
Unto my verse a worthy argument.

You are my friend, and in that word to me 5
 Stand blazon'd in your noblest Heraldry;
 That style presents you full, and does relate
 The bounty of your love, and my own fate,
 Both which conspir'd to make me yours. A choice
 Which needs must in the giddy peoples voice, 10
 That onely judge the outside, and like apes
 Play with our names, and comment on our shapes,
 Appear too light: but it lies you upon
 To justifie the disproportion.

Truth be my record, I durst not presume 15
 To seek to you, 'twas you that did assume
 Me to your bosom. Wherein you subdu'd
 One that can serve you, though ne're could intrude
 Upon great titles; nor knows how t'invade
 Acquaintance: Like such as are onely paid 20
 With great mens smiles; if that the passant Lord
 Let fall a forc't salute, or but afford
 The Nod Regardant. It was test enough
 For me, you ne're did find such servile stuff
 Couch't in my temper; I can freely say, 25
 I do not love you in that common way
 For which Great Ones are lov'd in this false time:
 I have no wish to gain, nor will to climbe;
 I cannot pawn my freedom, nor out-live
 My liberty for all that you can give. 30
 And sure you may retain good cheap such friends,
 Who not your fortune make, but you, their ends.

I speak not this to vaunt in my own story,
All these additions are unto your glory ;
Who counter to the world, use to elect, 35
Not to take up on trust what you affect.
Indeed 'tis seldom seen that such as you
Adopt a friend, or for acquaintance sue ;
Yet you did this vouchsafe, you did descend
Below your self to raise an humble friend, 40
And fix him in your love : where I will stand
The constant subject of your free command.
Had I no ayerie thoughts sure you would teach
Me higher then my own dull sphere to reach :
And by reflex instruct me to appear 45
Something (though course and plain) fit for your wear.

Know, best of friends, however wild report
May justly say I am unapt to sort
With your opinion or society,
(Which truth would shame me did I it deny) 50
There's something in me sayes, I dare make good,
When honour calls me, all I want in blood.

Put off your Giant titles, then I can
Stand in your judgements blank an equal man.
Though Hills advanced are above the Plain, 55
They are but higher earth, nor must disdain
Alliance with the Vale : we see a spade
Can level them, and make a Mount a Glade.
Howere we differ in the Heralds book,
He that mankinde's extraction shall look 60

In Natures Rolles, must grant we all agree.
 In our best parts, immortal pedigree:
 You must by that perspective onely view
 My service, else 'twill nere shew worthy you.

You see I court you bluntly like a friend 65
 Not like a Mistress; my Muse is not penn'd
 For smooth and oylie flights: And I indent
 To use more honesty then complement.

But I have done; in lieu of all you give
 Receive his thankful tribute who must live 70
 Your vow'd observer, and devotes a heart
 Which will in death seal the bold counterpart.

An Acknowledgment.

My best of friends! what needs a chain to tie
 One by your merit bound a Votarie?
 Think you I have some plot upon my peace,
 I would this bondage change for a release?
 Since 'twas my fate your prisoner to be, 5
 Heav'n knows I nothing fear but libertie.

Yet you do well that study to prevent,
 After so rich a stock of favour spent
 On one so worthless, lest my memory
 Should let so dear an obligation dy 10
 Without Record. This made my precious Friend
 Her Token, as an Antidote to send

Against forgetful poysons. That as they
Who Vespers late, and early Mattins say
Upon their Beads, so on this linked skore 15
In golden numbers I might reckon ore
Your vertues and my debt, which does surmount
The trivial laws of Popular account:
For that within this emblematick knot
Your beauteous mind, and my own fate is wrote. 20

The sparkling constellation which combines
The Lock, is your dear self, whose worth outshines
Most of your sex: so solid and so clear
You like a perfect Diamond appear;
Casting from your example fuller light 25
Then those dimme sparks which glaze the brow of night,
And gladding all your friends, as doth the ray
Of that East-starre which wakes the cheerful day.

But the black Map of death and discontent
Behind that Adamantine firmament, 30
That luckless figure which like Calvary
Stands strew'd and copy'd out in skuls, is I:
Whose life your absence clouds, and makes my time
Move blindfold in the dark ecliptick line.

Then wonder not if my removed Sun 35
So low within the Western Tropick run;
My eyes no day in this Horizon see,
Since where You are not all is night to me.

Lastly, the anchor which enfastned lies
 Upon a pair of deaths, sadly applies 40
 That Monument of Rest which harbour must
 Our Ship-wrackt fortunes in a road of dust.

So then how late soere my joyless life
 Be tired out in this affections strife:
 Though my tempestuous fancie like the skie 45
 Travail with stormes, and through my watry eie
 Sorrows high-going waves spring many a leak;
 Though sighs blow loud til my hearts cordage break;
 Though Faith, and all my wishes prove untrue,
 Yet Death shall fix and anchor Me with You. 50
 'Tis some poor comfort that this mortal scope
 Will Period, though never Crown my Hope.

The Acquittance.

Not knowing who should my Acquittance take,
 I know as little what discharge to make.
 The favour is so great, that it out-goes
 All forms of thankfulness I can propose.
 Those grateful levies which my pen would raise, 5
 Are stricken dumb, or bury'd in amaze.
 Therefore, as once in Athens there was shown
 An Altar built unto the God unknown,
 My ignorant devotions must by guess
 This blind return of gratitude address, 10
 Till You vouchsafe to shew me where and how
 I may to this revealed Goddess bow.

The Forfeiture.

My Dearest, To let you or the world know
What Debt of service I do truly ow
To your unpattern'd self, were to require
A language onely form'd in the desire
Of him that writes. It is the common fate, 5
Of greatest duties to evaporate
In silent meaning, as we often see
Fires by their too much fuel smother'd be:
Small Obligations may find vent and speak,
When greater the unable debtor break. 10
And such are mine to you, whose favours store,
Hath made me poorer then I was before;
For I want words and language to declare
How strict my Bond or large your bounties are.

Since nothing in my desp'rate fortune found, 15
Can payment make, nor yet the summe compound:
You must lose all, or else of force accept
The body of a Bankrupt for your debt.
Then Love, your Bond to Execution sue,
And take my self, as forfeited to you. 20

The Departure.

AN ELEGY.

Were I to leave no more then a good friend,
 Or but to hear the summons to my end,
 (Which I have long'd for) I could then with ease
 Attire my grief in words, and so appease
 That passion in my bosom, which outgrows 5
 The language of strict verse or largest prose.
 But here I am quite lost; writing to you
 All that I pen or think, is forc't and new.
 My faculties run cross, and prove as weak
 T'indite this melancholly task, as speak: 10
 Indeed all words are vain, well might I spare
 This rendring of my tortur'd thoughts in ayre,
 Or sighing paper. My infectious grief
 Strikes inward, and affords me no relief.
 But still a deeper wound, to lose a sight 15
 More lov'd then health, and dearer then the light.
 But all of us were not at the same time
 Brought forth, nor are we billited in one clime.
 Nature hath pitch't mankind at several rates,
 Making our places diverse as our fates. 20
 Unto that universal law I bow,
 Though with unwilling knee; and do allow
 Her cruell justice, which dispos'd us so
 That we must counter to our wishes go.
 'Twas part of mans first curse, which order'd well 25
 We should not alway with our likings dwell.

'Tis onely the Triumphant Church where we
Shall in unsever'd Neighbourhood agree.

Go then best soul, and where You must appear
Restore the Day to that dull Hemisphear. 30
Nere may the hapless Night You leave behind
Darken the comforts of Your purer mind.
May all the blessings Wishes can invent
Enrich your dayes, and crown them with content.
And though You travel down into the West, 35
May Your lifes Sun stand fixed in the East,
Far from the weeping set; nor may my ear
Take in that killing whisper, *You once were.*

Thus kiss I your fair hands, taking my leave
As Prisoners at the Bar their doom receive. 40
All joyes go with You: let sweet peace attend
You on the way, and wait Your journeys end.
But let Your discontents, and sowrer fate
Remain with me, born off in my Retrait.
Might all your crosses in that sheet of lead 45
Which folds my heavy heart lie buried:
'Tis the last service I would do You, and the best
My wishes ever meant, or tongue profest.
Once more I take my leave. And once for all,
Our parting shews so like a funerall, 50
It strikes my soul, which hath most right to be
Chief Mourner at this sad solemnitie.

And think not, Dearest, 'cause this parting knell
Is rung in verses, that at Your farewell

I onely mourn in Poetry and Ink: 55
 No, my Pens melancholy Plommets sink
 So low, they dive where th'hid affections sit,
 Blotting that Paper where my mirth was writ.

Believ't that sorrow truest is which lies
 Deep in the breast, not floating in the eies: 60
 And he with saddest circumstance doth part,
 Who seals his farewell with a bleeding heart.

PARADOX.

*That it is best for a Young Maid to marry
 an Old Man.*

Fair one, why cannot you an old man love?
 He may as useful, and more constant prove.
 Experience shews you that maturer years
 Are a security against those fears
 Youth will expose you to; whose wild desire 5
 As it is hot, so 'tis as rash as fire.
 Mark how the blaze extinct in ashes lies,
 Leaving no brand nor embers when it dies
 Which might the flame renew: thus soon consumes
 Youths wandring heat, and vanishes in fumes. 10
 When ages riper love unapt to stray
 Through loose and giddy change of objects, may
 In your warm bosom like a cynder lie,
 Quickned and kindled by your sparkling eie.

'Tis not deni'd, there are extremes in both 15
 Which may the fancie move to like or loath:
 Yet of the two you better shall endure
 To marry with the Cramp then Calenture.
 Who would in wisdom choose the Torrid Zone
 Therein to settle a Plantation? 20
 Merchants can tell you, those hot Climes were made
 But at the longest for a three years trade:
 And though the Indies cast the sweeter smell,
 Yet health and plenty do more Northward dwell;
 For where the raging Sun-beams burn the earth, 25
 Her scorched mantle withers into dearth;
 Yet when that drought becomes the Harvests curse,
 Snow doth the tender Corn most kindly nurse:
 Why now then wooe you not some snowy head
 To take you in meer pittty to his bed? 30
 I doubt the harder task were to perswade
 Him to love you: for if what I have said
 In Virgins as in Vegetals holds true,
 Hee'll prove the better Nurse to cherish you.
 Some men we know renown'd for wisdom grown 35
 By old records and antique Medalls shown;
 Why ought not women then be held most wise
 Who can produce living antiquities?
 Besides if care of that main happinness
 Your sex triumphs in, doth your thoughts possess, 40
 I mean your beauty from decay to keep;
 No wash nor mask is like an old mans sleep.
 Young wives need never to be Sun-burnt fear,
 Who their old husbands for Umbrellaes wear:

How russet looks an Orchard on the hill 45
 To one that's water'd by some neighb'ring Drill?
 Are not the floated Meadows ever seen
 To flourish soonest, and hold longest green?
 You may be sure no moist'ning lacks that Bride,
 Who lies with Winter thawing by her side. 50
 She should be fruitful too as fields that joyne
 Unto the melting waste of *Appenine*.
 Whil'st the cold morning-drops bedew the Rose,
 It doth nor leaf, nor smell, nor colour lose;
 Then doubt not Sweet! Age hath supplies of wet 55
 To keep You like that flowr in water set.
 Dripping Catarrhs and Fontinells are things
 Will make You think You grew betwixt two Springs.
 And should You not think so, You scarce allow
 The force or Merit of Your Marriage-Vow; 60
 Where Maids a new Creed learn, & must from thence
 Believe against their own or others sence.
 Else Love will nothing differ from neglect,
 Which turns not to a vertue each defect.
 Ile say no more but this; you women make 65
 Your Childrens reck'ning by the Almanake.
 I like it well, so you contented are,
 To choose their Fathers by that Kalendar.
 Turn then old *Erra Pater*, and there see
 According to lifes posture and degree, 70
 What age or what complexion is most fit
 To make an English Maid happy by it;
 And You shall find, if You will choose a man,
 Set justly for Your own Meridian,

Though You perhaps let *One* and *Twenty* woo, 75
Your elevation is for *Fifty Two*.

PARADOX.

That Fruition destroyes Love.

Love is our Reasons Paradox, which still
Against the judgment doth maintain the Will:
And governs by such arbitrary laws,
It onely makes the Act our Likings cause:
We have no brave revenge, but to forgo 5
Our full desires, and starve the Tyrant so.

They whom the rising blood tempts not to taste,
Preserve a stock of Love can never waste;
When easie people who their wish enjoy,
Like Prodigalls at once their wealth destroy. 10
Adam till now had stayd in Paradise
Had his desires been bounded by his eyes.
When he did more then look, that made th' offence,
And forfeited his state of innocence.
Fruition therefore is the bane t'undoe 15
Both our affection and the subject too.
'Tis Love into worse language to translate,
And make it into Lust degenerate:
'Tis to De-throne, and thrust it from the heart,
To seat it grossely in the sensual part. 20
Seek for the *Starre* that's *shot* upon the ground,
And nought but a dimme gelly there is found.

Thus foul and dark our female starres appear,
 If fall'n or loosned once from Vertues Sphear.
 Glow-worms shine onely look't on, and let ly, 25
 But handled crawl into deformity:
 So beauty is no longer fair and bright,
 Then whil'st unstained by the appetite:
 And then it withers like a blasted flowre
 Some poys'nous worm or spider hath crept ore. 30
Pigmalion's dotage on the carved stone,
 Shews Amorists their strong illusion.
 Whil'st he to gaze and court it was content,
 He serv'd as Priest at beauties Monument:
 But when by looser fires t'embraces led, 35
 It prov'd a cold hard Statue in his bed.
 Irregular affects, like mad mens dreams
 Presented by false lights and broken beams,
 So long content us, as no neer address
 Shews the weak sense our painted happiness. 40
 But when those pleasing shaddowes us forsake,
 Or of the substance we a trial make,
 Like him, deluded by the fancies mock,
 We ship-wrack 'gainst an Alabaster rock.
 What though thy Mistress far from Marble be? 45
 Her softness will transform and harden thee.
 Lust is a Snake, and Guilt the Gorgons head,
 Which Conscience turns to Stone, & Joyes to Lead.

Turtles themselves will blush, if put to name
 The Act, whereby they quench their am'rous flame. 50

Who then that's wise or vertuous, would not feare
 To catch at pleasures which forbidden were,
 When those which we count lawful, cannot be
 Requir'd without some loss of modestie?
 Ev'n in the Marriage-Bed, where soft delights 55
 Are customary and authoriz'd Rites;
 What are those tributes to the wanton sense,
 But toleration of Incontinence?
 For properly you cannot call that Love
 Which does not from the Soul, but Humour move. 60
 Thus they who worship't *Pan* or *Isis* Shrine,
 By the fair Front judg'd all within Divine:
 Though entring, found 'twas but a Goat or Cow
 To which before their ignorance did bow.
 Such Temples and such Goddesses are these 65
 Which foolish Lovers and admirers please:
 Who if they chance within the Shrine to prie,
 Find that a beast they thought a Deity.
 Nor makes it onely our opinion less
 Of what we lik't before, and now possess; 70
 But robbes the Fuel, and corrupts the Spice
 Which sweetens and inflames Loves sacrifice.
 After Fruition once, what is Desire
 But ashes kept warm by a dying fire?
 This is (if any) the *Philosophers Stone*, 75
 Which still miscarries at *Projection*.
 For when the *Heat ad Octo* intermits,
 It poorly takes us like Third Ague fits;
 Or must on Embers as dull Druggs infuse,
 Which we for Med'cine not for Pleasure use. 80

Since Lovers joyes then leave so sick a taste,
 And soon as relish'd by the Sense are past;
 They are but Riddles sure, lost if possest,
 And therefore onely in Reversion best.
 For bate them Expectation and Delay, 85
 You take the most delightful Scenes away.
 These two such rule within the fancie keep,
 As banquets apprehended in our sleep;
 After which pleasing trance next morn we wake
 Empty and angry at the nights mistake. 90
 Give me long Dreams and Visions of content,
 Rather then pleasures in a minute spent.
 And since I know before, the shedding Rose
 In that same instant doth her sweetness lose,
 Upon the Virgin-stock still let her dwell 95
 For me, to feast my longings with her smell.
 Those are but counterfeits of joy at best,
 Which languish soon as brought unto the test.
 Nor can I hold it worth his pains who tries
 To Inne that Harvest which by reaping dies. 100

Resolve me now what spirit hath delight,
 If by full feed you kill the appetite?
 That stomack healthy'st is, that nere was cloy'd,
 Why not that Love the best then, nere enjoy'd?
 Since nat'rally the blood, when tam'd or sated, 105
 Will cool so fast it leaves the object hated.
 Pleasures like wonders quickly lose their price
 When Reason or Experience makes us wise.

To close my argument then. I dare say
 (And without Paradox) as well we may 110
 Enjoy our Love and yet preserve Desire,
 As warm our hands by putting out the fire.

The Change

Il sabio mude conseio: Il loco persevera.

We lov'd as friends now twenty years and more:
 Is't time or reason think you to give o're?
 When though two prentiships set Jacob free,
 I have not held my Rachel dear at three.

Yet will I not your levitie accuse; 5
 Continuance sometimes is the worse abuse.
 In judgment I might rather hold it strange,
 If like the fleeting world, you did not change:
 Be it your wisdom therefore to retract,
 When perseverance oft is follies act. 10

In pity I can think, that what you do
 Hath Justice in't, and some Religion too;
 For of all vertues Morall or Divine,
 We know but Love none must in Heaven shine:
 Well did you the presumption then foresee 15
 Of counterfeiting immortalitie:
 Since had you kept our loves too long alive,
 We might invade Heavens prerogative;
 Or in our progress, like the Jews, comprise
 The Legend of an earthly Paradise. 20

Live happy and more prosperous in the next,
 You have discharg'd your old friend by the Text.
 Farewel fair Shadow of a female faith,
 And let this be our friendships Epitaph:

Affection shares the frailty of our fate, 25
 When (like our selves) 'tis old and out of date:
 'Tis just all humane Loves their period have,
 When friends are frail and dropping to the grave.

*To my Sister Anne King, who chid me in verse
 for being angry.*

Dear Nan, I would not have thy counsel lost,
 Though I last night had twice so much been crost;
 Well is a Passion to the Market brought,
 When such a treasure of advice is bought
 With so much dross. And could'st thou me assure, 5
 Each vice of mine should meet with such a cure,
 I would sin oft, and on my guilty brow
 Wear every misperfection that I ow,
 Open and visible; I should not hide
 But bring my faults abroad: to hear thee chide 10
 In such a Note, and with a Quill so sage,
 It Passion tunes, and calmes a Tempests rage.

Well I am charm'd, and promise to redress
 What, without shrift, my follies doe confess
 Against my self: wherefore let me intreat, 15
 When I fly out in that distemper'd heat

Which frets me into fasts, thou wilt reprove
That froward spleen in Poetry and Love:
So though I lose my reason in such fits,
Thoul't rime me back again into my wits. 20

AN ELEGY

*Upon the immature loss of the most vertuous
Lady Anne Rich.*

I envy not thy mortal triumphs, Death,
(Thou enemy to Vertue as to Breath)
Nor do I wonder much, nor yet complain
The weekly numbers by thy arrow slain.
The whole world is thy Factory, and we 5
Like traffick driven and retail'd by Thee:
And where the springs of life fill up so fast,
Some of the waters needs must run to waste.

It is confest, yet must our griefs dispute
That which thine own conclusion doth refute 10
Ere we begin. Hearken! for if thy ear
Be to thy throat proportion'd, thou canst hear.
Is there no order in the work of Fate?
Nor rule, but blindly to anticipate
Our growing seasons? or think'st thou 'tis just, 15
To sprinkle our fresh blossomes with thy dust,
Till by abortive funerals, thou bring
That to an Autumn Nature meant a Spring?

Is't not enough for thee that wither'd age
 Lies the unpiti'd subject of thy rage; 20
 But like an ugly Amorist, thy crest
 Must be with spoyles of Youth and Beauty drest?
 In other camps, those which sate down to day
 March first to morrow, and they longest stay
 Who last came to the service: But in thine, 25
 Onely confusion stands for discipline.
 We fall in such promiscuous heaps, none can
 Put any diff'rence 'twixt thy Rear or Van;
 Since oft the youngest lead thy Files. For this
 The griev'd world here thy accuser is, 30
 And I a Plaintiff, 'mongst those many ones
 Who wet this Ladies Urn with zealous moanes;
 As if her ashes quick'ning into years
 Might be again embody'd by our tears
 But all in vain; the moisture we bestow 35
 Shall make assoon her curled Marble grow,
 As render heat, or motion to that blood,
 Which through her veins branch't like an azure flood;
 Whose now still Current in the grave is lost,
 Lock't up, and fetter'd by eternal frost. 40

Desist from hence, doting Astrology!
 To search for hidden wonders in the sky;
 Or from the concourse of malignant starres
 Foretel diseases gen'ral as our warres:
 What barren droughts, forerunners of lean dearth 45
 Threaten to starve the plenty of the earth:

What horrid forms of darkness must affright
 The sickly world, hast'ning to that long night
 Where it must end. If there no Portents are,
 No black eclipses for the Kalendar, 50
 Our times sad Annals will remembred be
 Ith'loss of bright *Northumberland* and *Thee*:
Two Starres of Court, who in one fatal year
 By most untimely set dropt from their Sphear.
Shee in the winter took her flight, and soon 55
 As her perfections reach't the point of Noon,
 Wrapt in a cloud, contracted her wisht stay
 Unto the measure of a short-liv'd day.
 But *Thou* in Summer, like an early Rose
 By Deaths cold hand nipp'd as *Thou* didst disclose, 60
 Took'st a long day to run that narrow stage,
 Which in two gasping minutes summ'd thy age,
 And, as the fading Rose, when the leaves shed
 Lies in its native sweetness buried,
Thou in thy vertues bedded and inherst 65
 Sleep'st with those odours thy pure fame disperst.
 Where till that *Rising Morn* thou must remain,
 In which thy wither'd flowres shall spring again.
 And greater beauties thy wak't body vest
 Then were at thy departure here possest. 70

So with full eyes we close thy vault. Content
 (With what thy loss bequeaths us) to lament,
 And make that use of thy griev'd funerall,
 As of a Chrystall broken in the fall;

Whose pitti'd fractures gather'd up, and set, 75
 May smaller *Mirrours* for *Thy Sex* beget;
 There let them view themselves, untill they see
 The end of all their glories shew'n in *Thee*.

Whil'st in the truth of this sad tribute, I
 Thus strive to Canonize thy Memory. 80

AN ELEGY

*Upon Mrs. Kirk unfortunately drowned in
 Thames.*

For all the Ship-wracks, and the liquid graves
 Lost men have gain'd within the furrow'd waves,
 The Sea hath fin'd and for our wrongs paid use,
 When its wrought foam a *Venus* did produce.

But what repair wilt thou unhappy *Thames* 5
 Afford our losse? thy dull unactive streames
 Can no new beauty raise, nor yet restore
 Her who by thee was ravisht from our shore:
 Whose death hath stain'd the glory of thy flood,
 And mixt the guilty Channel with her blood. 10

O *Neptune!* was thy favour onely writ
 In that loose Element where thou dost sit?
 That after all this time thou should'st repent
 Thy fairest blessing to the Continent?
 Say, what could urge this Fate? is *Thetis* dead, 15
 Or *Amphitrite* from thy wet armes fled?

Was't thou so poor in Nymphs, that thy moist love
Must be maintain'd with pensions from above?
If none of these, but that whil'st thou did'st sleep
Upon thy sandy pillow in the deep, 20
This mischief stole upon us: may our grief
Waken thy just revenge on that slye thief,
Who in thy fluid Empire without leave,
And unsuspected, durst her life bereave.
Henceforth invert thy order, and provide 25
In gentlest floods a Pilot for our guide.
Let rugged Seas be lov'd, but the Brooks smile
Shunn'd like the courtship of a Crocodile;
And where the Current doth most smoothly pass,
Think for her sake that stream deaths Looking-glass, 30
To shew us our destruction is most neer,
When pleasure hath begot least sense of fear.

Else break thy forked Scepter 'gainst some Rock,
If thou endure a flatt'ring calm to mock
Thy far-fam'd pow'r, and violate that law 35
Which keeps the angry Ocean in aw.
Thy Trident will grow useless, which doth still
Wild tempests, if thou let tame rivers kill.

Mean time we ow thee nothing. Our first debt
Lies cancell'd in thy watry Cabinet. 40
We have for *Her* thou sent'st us from the Main,
Return'd a *Venus* back to thee again.

AN ELEGY

Upon the death of Mr. Edward Holt.

Whether thy Fathers, or diseases rage,
 More mortal prov'd to thy unhappy age,
 Our sorrow needs not question; since the first
 Is known for length and sharpness much the worst.
 Thy Feaver yet was kind; which the ninth day 5
 For thy misfortunes made an easie way.
 When th'other barbarous and Hectick fit,
 In nineteen winters did not intermit.

I therefore vainly now not ask thee why
 Thou didst so soon in thy Youths mid-way dy: 10
 But in my sence the greater wonder make
 Thy long oppressed heart no sooner brake.
 Of force must the neglected blossom fall
 When the tough root becomes unnaturall,
 And to his branches doth that sap deny, 15
 Which them with life and verdure should supply.
 For Parents shame, let it forgotten be,
 And may the sad example die with thee.

It is not now thy grieved friends intent
 To render thee dull Pities argument. 20
 Thou hast a bolder title unto fame,
 And at Edge-Hill thou didst make good the claime;
 When in thy Royal Masters Cause and Warre
 Thy ventur'd life brought off a noble skarre.
 Nor did thy faithful services desist 25
 Till death untimely strook thee from the List.

Though in that prouder vault then, which doth tomb
Thy ancestors, thy body find not room,
Thine own deserts have purchas'd thee a place,
Which more renowned is then all thy race; 30
For in this earth thou dost ennobled ly
With marks of Valour and of Loyalty.

To my dead friend Ben: Johnson.

I see that wreath which doth the wearer arm
'Gainst the quick strokes of thunder, is no charm
To keep off deaths pale dart. For, *Johnson* then
Thou hadst been number'd still with living men.
Times sithe had fear'd thy Lawrel to invade, 5
Nor thee this subject of our sorrow made.

Amongst those many votaries who come
To offer up their Garlands at thy Tombe;
Whil'st some more lofty pens in their bright verse
(Like glorious Tapers flaming on thy herse) 10
Shall light the dull and thankless world to see,
How great a maim it suffers wanting thee;
Let not thy learned shadow scorn, that I
Pay meaner Rites unto thy memory;
And since I nought can adde, but in desire 15
Restore some sparks which leapt from thine own fire.

What ends soever others quills invite,
I can protest, it was no itch to write,
Nor any vain ambition to be read,
But meerly Love and Justice to the dead 20

Which rais'd my fameless Muse; and caus'd her bring
 These drops, as tribute thrown into that spring,
 To whose most rich and fruitful head we ow
 The purest streams of language which can flow.

For 'tis but truth, thou taught'st the ruder age 25
 To speake by Grammar, and reform'dst the Stage:
 Thy Comick Sock induc'd such purged sence,
 A *Lucrece* might have heard without offence.
 Amongst those soaring wits that did dilate
 Our English, and advance it to the rate 30
 And value it now holds, thy self was one
 Helpt lift it up to such proportion.
 That thus refin'd and roab'd, it shall not spare
 With the full *Greek* or *Latine* to compare.
 For what tongue ever durst, but ours, translate 35
 Great *Tully's* Eloquence, or *Homers* State?
 Both which in their unblemisht lustre shine,
 From *Chapmans* pen, and from thy *Catiline*.
 All I would ask for thee, in recompence
 Of thy successful toyl and times expence, 40
 Is onely this poor Boon: that those who can
 Perhaps read *French*, or talk *Italian*,
 Or do the lofty *Spaniard* affect;
 To shew their skill in Forrein Dialect,
 Prove not themselves so unnaturally wise, 45
 They therefore should their *Mother-tongue* despise.
 (As if her Poets both for style and wit
 Not equall'd, or not pass'd their best that writ)

Untill by studying *Johnson* they have known
The height and strength and plenty of their own. 50

Thus in what low earth or neglected room
Soere thou sleep'st, *thy book* shall be thy tomb.
Thou wilt go down a happy Coarse, bestrew'd
With thine own Flowres; and feel thy self renew'd,
Whil'st thy immortal never-with'ring Bayes 55
Shall yearly flourish in thy Readers praise.
And when more spreading Titles are forgot,
Or sight of all their Lead and Sear-cloth rot,
Thou wrapt and Shrin'd in *thine own sheets*, wilt ly
A Relick fam'd by all Posterity. 60

AN ELEGY

Upon Prince Henry's death.

Keep station Nature, and rest Heaven sure
On thy supporters shoulders, lest past cure,
Thou dasht in ruine fall by a griefs weight
Will make thy basis shrink, and lay thy height
Low as the Center. Heark! and feel it read 5
Through the astonisht Kingdom, Henry's dead.
It is enough; who seeks to aggravate
One strain beyond this, prove more sharp his fate
Then sad our doom. The world dares not survive
To parallel this woes superlative. 10
O killing Rhetorick of Death! two words
Breathe stronger terrours then Plague, Fire, or Swords

Ere conquer'd. This were Epitaph and Verse
 Worthy to be prefixt in Natures herse,
 Or Earths sad dissolution; whose fall 15
 Will be less grievous though more generall:
 For all the woe ruine ere buried,
 Sounds in these fatal accents, Henry's dead.
 Cease then unable Poetry, thy phrase
 Is weak and dull to strike us with amaze 20
 Worthy thy vaster subject. Let none dare
 To copy this sad hap, but with despair
 Hanging at his quills point. For not a stream
 Of Ink can write much less improve this Theam.
 Invention highest wrought by grief or wit 25
 Must sink with him, and on his Tomb-stone split.
 Who, like the dying Sun, tells us the light
 And glory of our Day set in his Night.

AN ELEGY

Upon S. W. R.

I will not weep, for 'twere as great a sin
 To shed a tear for thee, as to have bin
 An Actor in thy death. Thy life and age
 Was but a various Scene on fortunes Stage,
 With whom thou tugg'st & strov'st ev'n out of breath 5
 In thy long toil: nere master'd till thy death;
 And then despight of trains and cruell wit,
 Thou did'st at once subdue malice and it.

I dare not then so blast thy memory
As say I do lament or pity thee. 10
Were I to choose a subject to bestow
My pity on, he should be one as low
In spirit as desert. That durst not dy
But rather were content by slavery
To purchase life: or I would pity those 15
Thy most industrious and friendly foes:
Who when they thought to make thee scandals story
Lent thee a swifter flight to Heav'n and glory.
That thought by cutting off some wither'd dayes,
(Which thou could'st spare them) to eclipse thy praise; 20
Yet gave it brighter foil, made thy ag'd fame
Appear more white and fair, then foul their shame:
And did promote an Execution
Which (but for them) Nature and Age had done.

Such worthless things as these were onely born 25
To live on Pities almes (too mean for scorn.)
Thou dy'dst an envious wonder, whose high fate
The world must still admire, scarce imitate.

AN ELEGY

Upon the L. Bishop of London

John King.

Sad Relick of a blessed Soul! whose trust
We sealed up in this religious dust.
O do not thy low Exequies suspect
As the cheap arguments of our neglect.

'Twas a commanded duty that thy grave 5
As little pride as thou thy self should have.

Therefore thy covering is an humble stone,
And but a word for thy inscription.
When those that in the same earth neighbour thee,
Have each his Chronicle and Pedigree: 10
They have their waving pennons and their flagges,
(Of Matches and Alliance formal bragges.)
When thou (although from *Ancestors* thou came
Old as the *Heptarchy*, great as thy *Name*)
Sleep'st there inshrined in thy admired parts, 15
And hast no Heraldry but thy deserts.
Yet let not *Them* their prouder Marbles boast,
For *They* rest with less honour, though more cost.

Go, search the world, and with your Mattox wound
The groaning bosom of the patient ground: 20
Digge from the hidden veins of her dark womb
All that is rare and precious for a tomb:
Yet when much treasure, and more time is spent
You must grant *His* the nobler Monument.

Whose *Faith* stands ore *Him* for a *Hearse*, and hath 25
The *Resurrection* for *His Epitaph*.

*Upon the death of my ever desired friend
Doctor Donne Dean of Pauls.*

To have liv'd eminent in a degreee
Beyond our lofty'st flights, that is like thee;

Or t'have had too much merit is not safe;
For such excesses find no Epitaph.
At common graves we have Poetick eyes 5
Can melt themselves in easie Elegies;
Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
And pin it with the Hatchments, to the Herse:
But at thine, Poem or inscription
(Rich Soul of wit and language:) we have none; 10
Indeed a silence does that Tomb befit
Where is no Herald left to blazon it.
Widdow'd invention justly doth forbear
To come abroad knowing thou art not here,
Late her great Patron; whose prerogative 15
Maintain'd and cloth'd her so, as none alive
Must now presume to keep her at thy rate,
Though he the Indies for her dowre estate:
Or else that awful fire, which once did burn
In thy clear brain, now fall'n into thy Urn. 20
Lives there to fright rude Empericks from thence,
Which might profane thee by their ignorance:
Who ever writes of thee, and in a style
Unworthy such a Theme, does but revile
Thy precious dust, and wake a learned spirit 25
Which may revenge his rapes upon thy merit.
For all a low-pitcht fancie can devise,
Will prove at best but hallow'd injuries.

Thou, like the dying Swan, didst lately sing
Thy mournful Dirge in audience of the King; 30

When pale looks, and faint accents of thy breath,
 Presented so to life that piece of death,
 That it was fear'd and prophesi'd by all
 Thou thither cam'st to preach thy Funerall.
 O! hadst thou in an Elegiack knell 35
 Rung out unto the world thine own farewell;
 And in thy high victorious numbers beat
 The solemn measure of thy griev'd retreat:
 Thou might'st the Poets service now have mist,
 As well as then thou didst prevent the Priest: 40
 And never to the world beholden be,
 So much as for an Epitaph for thee.

I do not like the office. Nor is't fit
 Thou, who didst lend our age such summes of wit,
 Should'st now reborrow from her Bankrupt Mine 45
 That Ore to bury thee, which once was thine.
 Rather still leave us in thy debt; and know
 (Exalted Soul!) More glory 'tis to ow
 Unto thy Herse what we can never pay,
 Then with embased coin those Rites defray. 50

Commit we then Thee to Thy self: nor blame
 Our drooping loves, which thus to thine own fame
 Leave Thee Executour: since but thy own
 No pen could do Thee Justice, nor Bayes crown
 Thy vast desert; save that we nothing can 55
 Depute to be thy ashes Guardian.

So Jewellers no Art or Metal trust
 To form the Diamond, but the Diamonds dust.

AN ELEGY

Upon the most victorious King of Sweden

Gustavus Adolphus.

Like a cold fatal sweat which ushers death
My thoughts hang on me, & my lab'ring breath
Stopt up with sighs, my fancie big with woes,
Feels two twinn'd mountains struggle in her throws,
Of boundless sorrow one, t'other of sin; 5
For less let no one rate it to begin
Where honour ends. In Great *Gustavus* flame
That style burnt out, and wasted to a name,
Does barely live with us. As when the stuff
That fed it failes, the Taper turns to snuff. 10
With this poor snuff, this ayerie shadow, we
Of Fame and Honour must contented be;
Since from the vain grasp of our wishes fled
Their glorious substance is, now *He* is dead.

Speak it again, and louder, louder yet; 15
Else whil'st we hear the sound we shall forget
What it delivers. Let hoarse rumor cry
Till she so many ecchoes multiply,
Those may like num'rous witnesses confute
Our unbelieving soules, that would dispute 20
And doubt this truth for ever. This one way
Is left our incredulity to sway;
To waken our deaf sense, and make our ears
As open and dilated as our fears;

That we may feel the blow, and feeling grieve, 25
 At what we would not feign, but must believe.
 And in that horrid faith behold the world
 From her proud height of expectation hurl'd,
 Stooping with him, as if she strove to have
 No lower Center now then *Swedens* grave. 30

O could not all thy purchas'd victories
 Like to thy Fame thy Flesh immortalize?
 Were not thy vertue nor thy valour charmes
 To guard thy body from those outward harmes
 Which could not reach thy soul? could not thy spirit 35
 Lend somewhat which thy frailty might inherit
 From thy diviner part, that Death nor Hate
 Nor envy's bullets ere could penetrate?
 Could not thy early Trophies in stern fight
 Torn from the *Dane*, the *Pole*, the *Moscovite*? 40
 Which were thy triumphs seeds, as pledges sown,
 That when thy honours harvest was ripe grown,
 With full-summ'd wing thou Falcon-like wouldst fly
 And cuff the *Eagle* in the *German* sky:
 Forcing his iron beak and feathers feel 45
 They were not proof 'gainst thy victorious steel.
 Could not all these protect thee? or prevaile
 To fright that Coward Death, who oft grew pale
 To look thee and thy battails in the face?
 Alas they could not: Destiny gives place 50
 To none; nor is it seen that Princes lives
 Can saved be by their prerogatives.

No more was thine; who clos'd in thy cold lead,
Dost from thy self a mournful lecture read
Of Mans short-dated glory: learn you Kings, 55
You are like him but penetrable things;
Though you from Demi-Gods derive your birth,
You are at best but honourable earth:
And howere sifted from that courser bran
Which does compound and knead the common man, 60
Nothing's immortal or from earth refin'd
About you, but your *Office* and your *Mind*.
Here then break your false Glasses, which present
You greater then your *Maker* ever meant:
Make truth your Mirrour now, since you find all 65
That flatter you confuted by his fall.

Yet since it was decreed thy lifes bright Sun
Must be eclips'd ere thy full course was run,
Be proud thou didst in thy black Obsequies
With greater glory set then others rise. 70
For in thy death, as life, thou heldest one
Most just and regular proportion.
Look how the Circles drawn by Compass meet
Indivisibly joyned head to feet,
And by continued points which them unite 75
Grow at once Circular and Infinite:
So did thy Fate and honour now contend
To match thy brave beginning with thy end.
Therefore thou hadst instead of Passing bells
The Drums and Cannons thunder for thy knells; 80

And in the Field thou did'st triumphing dy,
 Closing thy eye-lids with a victory:
 That so by thousands who there lost their breath
King-like thou might'st be waited on in death. 85
 Liv'd Plutarch now, and would of Caesar tell,
 He could make none but *Thee* his parallel;
 Whose tide of glory swelling to the brim
 Needs borrow no addition from *Him*.
 When did great Julius in any Clime
 Atchieve so much and in so small a time? 90
 Or if he did, yet shalt *Thou* in that land
 Single for him and unexampled stand.
 When ore the Germans first his Eagle towr'd
 What saw the Legions which on them he pour'd?
 But massie bodies, made their swords to try 95
 Subjects not for his fight, but slavery.
 In that so vast expanded peece of ground
 (Now Swedens Theater and Tomb) he found
 Nothing worth *Caesars* valour, or his fear,
 No conqu'ring Army, nor a *Tilley* there, 100
 Whose strength nor wiles, nor practice in the warre
 Might the fierce Torrent of thy triumphs barre,
 But that thy winged sword twice made him yield,
 Both from his trenches beat, and from the field.

 Besides the *Romane* thought he had done much 105
 Did he the bank of *Rhenus* onely touch.
 But though his march was bounded by the *Rhine*
 Not *Oder* nor the *Danube* *Thee* confine;

And but thy frailty did thy fame prevent,
Thou hadst thy conquests strecht to such extent, 110
Thou might'st *Vienna* reach, and after span
From *Mulda* to the *Baltick Ocean*.

But death hath spann'd thee: nor must we divine
What heir thou leav'st to finish thy design,
Or who shall thee succeed as Champion 115
For liberty and for religion.

Thy task is done; as in a Watch the spring
Wound to the height, relaxes with the string:
So thy steel nerves of conquest, from their steep
Ascent declin'd, lie slackt in thy last sleep. 120

Rest then triumphant soul! for ever rest!
And, like the Phoenix in her spicy nest,
Embalm'd with thine own merit, upward fly,
Born in a cloud of perfume to the sky.
Whil'st, as in deathless Urnes, each noble mind 125
Treasures thy ashes which are left behind.

And if perhaps no *Cassiopeian* spark
(Which in the North did thy first rising mark)
Shine ore thy Herse: the breath of our just praise
Shall to the Firmament thy vertues raise; 130
Then fix, and kindle them into a Starre,
Whose influence may crown thy glorious warre.

. . . . *O Famâ ingens ingentior armis*
Rex Gustave, quibus Coelo te laudibus aequem?
Virgil. *Aeneid. lib. 2.*

*To my Noble and Judicious Friend
Sir Henry Blount upon his
Voyage.*

Sir, I must ever own my self to be
 Possest with humane curiositie
 Of seeing all that might the sense invite
 By those two baits of profit and delight:
 And since I had the wit to understand 5
 The terms of Native or of forreign land;
 I have had strong and oft desires to tread
 Some of those voyages which I have read.
 Yet still so fruitless have my wishes prov'd,
 That from my Countreys smoke I never mov'd: 10
 Nor ever had the fortune (though design'd)
 To satisfie the wandrings of my mind.
 Therefore at last I did with some content,
 Beguile my self in time, which others spent;
 Whose art to Provinces small lines allots, 15
 And represents large Kingdomes but in spots.
 Thus by *Ortelius* and *Mercators* aid
 Through most of the discover'd world I strai'd.
 I could with ease double the *Southern Cape*,
 And in my passage *Affricks* wonders take: 20
 Then with a speed proportion'd to the Scale
 Northward again, as high as *Zemla* sayl.
 Oft hath the travel of my eye outrun
 (Though I sat still) the journey of the Sun:
 Yet made an end, ere his declining beams 25
 Did nightly quench themselves in *Thetis* streams.

Oft have I gone through Aegypt in a day,
Not hinder'd by the droughts of Lybia;
In which, for lack of water tides of sand
By a dry deluge overflow the land. 30
There I the *Pyramids* and *Cairo* see,
Still famous for the warres of *Tomombee*,
And its own greatness; whose immured fence
Takes fourty miles in the circumference.
Then without guide, or stronger Caravan 35
Which might secure the wild Arabian,
Back through the scorched Desarts pass, to seek
Once the worlds Lord, now the beslaved *Greek*,
Made by a *Turkish* yolk and fortunes hate
In language as in mind, degenerate. 40

And here all wrapt in pity and amaze
I stand, whil'st I upon the Sultan gaze;
To think how he with pride and rapine fir'd
So vast a Territory hath acquir'd;
And by what daring steps he did become 45
The Asian fear, and scourge of Christendome:
How he atchiev'd, and kept, and by what arts
He did concenter those divided parts;
And how he holds that monstrous bulk in aw,
By settled rules of tyrannie, not Law: 50
So Rivers large and rapid streams began,
Swelling from drops into an Ocean.

Sure who ere shall the just extraction bring
Of this Gigantick power from the spring;

Must there confess a higher Ordinance 55
 Did it for terrour to the earth advance.
 For mark how 'mongst a lawless straggling crew
 Made up of *Arab, Saracen, and Jew,*
 The worlds disturber, faithless *Mahomet*
 Did by Impostures an opinion get: 60
 O're whom he first usurps as Prince, and than
 As Prophet does obtrude his *Alcoran.*
 Next, how fierce *Ottoman* his claim made good
 From that unblest Religion, by blood;
 Whil'st he the Eastern Kingdomes did deface, 65
 To make their ruine his proud Empires base.
 Then like a Comet blazing in the skies,
 How Death-portending *Amurath* did rise,
 When he his horned Crescents did display
 Upon the fatal Plains of *Servia;* 70
 And farther still his sanguin tresses spread,
 Till *Croya* Life and Conquests limited.
 Lastly, how *Mahomet* thence styl'd the *Great,*
 Made *Constantines* his own Imperial Seat;
 After that he in one victorious bond 75
 Two Empires graspt, of *Greece* and *Trabezond.*

This, and much more then this, I gladly read,
 Where my relators it had storied;
 Besides that Peoples Manners and their Rites,
 Their warlike discipline and order'd fights; 80
 Their desp'rate valour, hardned by the sence
 Of unavoided Fate and Providence:

Their habit, and their houses, who confer
 Less cost on them then on their Sepulchre:
 Their frequent washings, and the several Bath 85
 Each *Meschit* to it self annexed hath:
 What honour they unto the *Mufty* give,
 What to the *Soveraign* under whom they live:
 What quarter Christians have; how just and free
 To inoffensive Travellers they be: 90
 Though I confess, like stomachs fed with news,
 I took them in for wonder, not for use,
 Till your experienc'd and authentick pen
 Taught me to know the places and the men;
 And made all those suspected truths become 95
 Undoubted now, and cleer as Axiom.

Sir, for this work more then my thanks is due;
 I am at once inform'd and cur'd by you.
 So that, were I assur'd I should live o're
 My periods of time run out before; 100
 Nere needed my erratick wish transport
 Me from my Native lists to that resort,
 Where many at outlandish Marts unlade
 Ingenuous manners, and do onely trade
 For vices and the language. By your eyes 105
 I here have made my full discoveries;
 And all your Countreys so exactly seen,
 As in the voyage I had sharer been.
 By this you make me so; and the whole land
 Your debtour: which can onely understand 110

How much she owes you, when her sons shall try
 The solid depths of your rare history,
 Which looks above our gadders trivial reach,
 The Common Place of travellers, who teach
 But Table-talk; and seldomly aspire 115
 Beyond the Countres Dyet or Attire;
 Whereas your piercing judgement does relate
 The Policy and Manage of each State.
 And since she must here without envy grant
 That you have further journey'd the *Levant* 120
 Then any noble spirit by her bred
 Hath in your way as yet adventured;
 I cannot less in justice from her look,
 Then that she henceforth Canonize your book
 A Rule to all her travellers, and you 125
 The brave example; from whose equal view
 Each knowing Reader may himself direct,
 How he may go abroad to some effect,
 And not for form: what distance and what trust
 In those remoter parts observe he must: 130
 How he with jealous people may converse,
 Yet take no hurt himself by that commerce.
 So when he shall imbark'd in dangers be,
 Which wit and wary caution not foresee;
 If he partake your valour and your brain, 135
 He may perhaps come safely off again,
 As you have done; though not so richly fraught
 As this return hath to our Staple brought.

I know your modesty shuns vulgar praise,
And I have none to bring: but onely raise 140
This monument of Honour and of Love,
Which your long known deserts so far improve,
They leave me doubtfull in what style to end,
Whether more your admirer or your friend.

*To my honoured Friend Mr. George
Sandys.*

It is, Sir, a confest intrusion here
That I before your labours do appear,
Which no loud Herald need, that may proclaim
Or seek acceptance, but the Authors fame.
Much less that should this happy work commend, 5
Whose subject is its licence, and doth send
It to the world to be receiv'd and read,
Far as the glorious beams of truth are spread.

Nor let it be imagin'd that I look
Onely with Customes eye upon your book; 10
Or in this service that 'twas my intent
T'exclude your person from your argument:
I shall profess much of the love I ow,
Doth from the root of our extraction grow;
To which though I can little contribute, 15
Yet with a naturall joy I must impute
To our Tribes honour, what by you is done
Worthy the title of a *Prelates* son.

And scarcely have two brothers farther borne
 A Fathers name, or with more value worne 20
 Their own, then two of you ; whose pens and feet
 Have made the distant Points of Heav'n to meet ;
 He by exact discoveries of the West,
 Your self by painful travels in the East.

Some more like you might pow'rfully confute 25
 Th'opposers of Priests marriage by the fruit.
 And (since tis known for all their streight vow'd life,
 They like the sex in any style but wife)
 Cause them to change their Cloyster for that State
 Which keeps men chaste by vowes legitimate : 30
 Nor shame to father their relations,
 Or under Nephews names disguise their sons.
 This Child of yours born without spurious blot,
 And fairly Midwiv'd as it was begot,
 Doth so much of the Parents goodness wear, 35
 You may be proud to own it for your Heir.
 Whose choice acquits you from the common sin
 Of such, who finish worse then they begin :
 You mend upon your self, and your last strain
 Does of your first the start in judgment gain ; 40
 Since what in curious travel was begun,
 You here conclude in a devotion.

Where in delightful raptures we descry
 As in a Map, *Sions Chorography*
 Laid out in so direct and smooth a line, 45
 Men need not go about through Palestine :

Who seek Christ here will the streight Rode prefer,
As neerer much then by the Sepulchre.
For not a limb growes here, but is a path ;
Which in Gods City the blest Center hath : 50
And doth so sweetly on each passion strike,
The most fantastick taste will somewhat like.
To the unquiet soul *Job* still from hence
Pleads in th'example of his patience.
The mortify'd may hear the wise King preach, 55
When his repentance made him fit to teach.
Nor shall the singing Sisters be content
To chant at home the Act of Parliament,
Turn'd out of reason into rhyme by one
Free of his trade, though not of Helicon, 60
Who did in his Poetick zeal contend
Others edition by a worse to mend.
Here are choice Hymnes and Carolls for the glad,
With melancholy Dirges for the sad :
And *David* (as he could his skill transfer) 65
Speaks like himself by an interpreter.
Your Muse rekindled hath the Prophets fire,
And tun'd the strings of his neglected Lyre ;
Making the Note and Ditty so agree,
They now become a perfect harmonie. 70

I must confess, I have long wisht to see
The Psalmes reduc'd to this conformity :
Grieving the songs of Sion should be sung
In phrase not diff'ring from a barbarous tongue.

As if, by custome warranted, we may 75
 Sing that to God we would be loth to say.
 Far be it from my purpose to upbraid
 Their honest meaning, who first offer made
 That book in Meeter to compile, which you
 Have mended in the form, and built anew: 80
 And it was well, considering the time,
 Which hardly could distinguish verse and rhyme.
 But now the language, like the Church, hath won
 More lustre since the Reformation;
 None can condemn the wish or labour spent 85
 Good matter in good words to represent.

Yet in this jealous age some such there be,
 So without cause afraid of novelty,
 They would not (were it in their pow'r to choose)
 An old ill practise for a better lose. 90
 Men who a rustick plainnesse so affect,
 They think God served best by their neglect.
 Holding the cause would be profan'd by it,
 Were they at charge of learning or of wit.
 And therefore bluntly (what comes next) they bring 95
 Course and unstudy'd stuffs for offering;
 Which like th'old Tabernacles cov'ring are,
 Made up of Badgers skins, and of Goats haire.
 But these are Paradoxes they must use
 Their sloth and bolder ignorance t'excuse. 100
 Who would not laugh at one will naked go,
 'Cause in old hangings truth is pictur'd so?

Though plainness be reputed honours note,
They mantles use to beautify the coat;
So that a curious (unaffected) dress 105
Addes much unto the bodies comeliness:
And wheresoere the subjects best, the sence
Is better'd by the speakers eloquence.

But, Sir, to you I shall no trophee raise
From other mens detraction or dispraise: 110
That Jewel never had inherent worth,
Which askt such foils as these to set it forth.
If any quarrel your attempt or style,
Forgive them; their own folly they revile.
Since, 'gainst themselves, their factious envy shall 115
Allow this work of yours Canonically.
Nor may you fear the Poets common lot,
Read, and commended, and then quite forgot:
The brazen Mines and Marble Rocks shall wast,
When your foundation will unshaken last. 120
'Tis fames best pay, that you your labours see
By their immortal subject crowned be.
For nere was writer in oblivion hid
Who firm'd his name on such a Pyramid.

The Woes of Esay.

Woe to the worldly men whose covetous
Ambition labours to joyn house to house,
Lay field to field, till their inclosures edge
The Plain, girdling a countrey with one hedge:

That leave no place unbought, no piece of earth 5
Which they will not ingross, making a dearth
Of all inhabitants, until they stand
Unneighbour'd as unblest within their land.

This sin cries in Gods ear, who hath decreed
The ground they sow shall not return the seed. 10
They that unpeopled countreys to create
Themselves sole Lords, made many desolate
To build up their own house, shall find at last
Ruine and fearful desolation cast
Upon themselves. Their Mansion shall become 15
A Desert, and their Palace prove a tombe.
Their vines shall barren be, their land yield tares;
Their house shall have no dwellers, they no heires.

Woe unto those that with the morning Sun
Rise to drink wine, and sit till he have run 20
His weary course; not ceasing untill night
Have quencht their understanding with the light:
Whose raging thirst, like fire, will not be tam'd,
The more they poure the more they are inflam'd.
Woe unto them that onely mighty are 25
To wage with wine; in which unhappy war
They who the glory of the day have won,
Must yield them foil'd and vanquisht by the tun.
Men that live thus, as if they liv'd in jest,
Fooling their time with Musick and a feast; 30
That did exile all sounds from their soft ear
But of the harp, must this sad discord hear

Compos'd in threats. The feet which measures tread
Shall in captivity be fettered:
Famine shall scourge them for their vast excess; 35
And Hell revenge their monstrous drunkenness;
Which hath enlarg'd it self to swallow such,
Whose throats nere knew enough, though still too much.

Woe unto those that countenance a sin,
Siding with vice that it may credit win. 40
By their unhallow'd vote: that do benight
The truth with errour, putting dark for light,
And light for dark; that call an evil good,
And would by vice have vertue understood:
That with their frown can sowre an honest cause, 45
Or sweeten any bad by their applause.
That justify the wicked for reward;
And void of morall goodness or regard,
Plot with detraction to traduce the fame
Of him whose merit hath enroll'd his name 50
Among the just. Therefore Gods vengeful ire
Glows on his people, and becomes a fire
Whose greedy and exalted flame shall burn,
Till they like straw or chaffe to nothing turn.
Because they have rebell'd against the right, 55
To God and Law perversly opposite,
As Plants which Sun nor showres did ever bless,
So shall their root convert to rottenness;
And their successions bud, in which they trust,
Shall (like *Gomorrah's* fruit) moulder to dust. 60

Woe unto those that drunk with self-conceit,
 Value their own designs at such a rate
 Which humane wisdom cannot reach; that sit
 Enthron'd, as sole Monopolists of wit:
 That out-look reason, and suppose the eye 65
 Of Nature blind to their discovery,
 Whil'st they a title make to understand
 What ever secret's bosom'd in the land.
 But God shall imp their pride, and let them see
 They are but fools in a sublime degree: 70
 He shall bring down and humble those proud eyes,
 In which false glasses onely they lookt wise:
 That all the world may laugh, and learn by it,
 There is no folly to pretended wit.

Woe unto those that draw iniquity 75
 With cords, and by a vain security
 Lengthen the sinful trace, till their own chain
 Of many links form'd by laborious pain,
 Do pull them into Hell; that as with lines
 And Cart-ropes drag on their unwilling crimes: 80
 Who, rather then they will commit no sin,
 Tempt all occasions to let it in.
 As if there were no God, who must exact
 The strict account for e'ry vicious fact;
 Nor judgement after death. If any be, 85
 Let him make speed (say they) that we may see.
 Why is his work retarded by delay?
 Why doth himself thus linger on the way?

If there be any judge, or future doome,
Let It and Him with speed together come. 90

Unhappy men, that challenge and defie
The coming of that dreadful Majestie!
Better by much for you, he did reverse
His purpos'd sentence on the Universe;
Or that the creeping minutes might adjourn 95
Those flames in which you with the earth must burn;
That times revolting hand could lag the year,
And so put back his day which is too near.

Behold his sign's advanc'd like colours fly,
To tell the world that his approach is nigh; 100
And in a furious march, he's coming on
Swift as the raging inundation,
To scowre the sinful world; 'gainst which is bent
Artillery that never can be spent: (darts
Bowes strung with vengeance, and flame-feather'd 105
Headed with death, to wound transgressing hearts.
His Chariot wheelles wrapt in the whirlwinds gyre,
His horses hoov'd with flint, and shod with fire:
In which amaze where ere they fix their eye,
Or on the melting earth, or up on high 110
To seek Heavens shrunk lights, nothing shall appear
But night and horror in their Hemisphere:
Nor shall th'affrighted sence more objects know
Then darkned skies above, and Hell below.

An Essay on Death and a Prison.

A Prison is in all things like a grave,
 Where we no better priviledges have
 Then dead men, nor so good. The soul once fled
 Lives freer now, then when she was cloystered
 In walls of flesh ; and though she organs want 5
 To act her swift designs, yet all will grant
 Her faculties more clear, now separate,
 Then if the same conjunction, which of late
 Did marry her to earth, had stood in force,
 Uncapable of death, or of divorce: 10
 But an imprison'd mind, though living, dies,
 And at one time feels two captivities;
 A narrow dungeon which her body holds,
 But narrower body which her self enfolds.
 Whil'st I in prison ly, nothing is free, 15
 Nothing enlarg'd but thought and miserie;
 Though e'ry chink be stopt, the doors close barr'd,
 Despight of walls and locks, through e'ry ward
 These have their issues forth ; may take the aire,
 Though not for health, but onely to compare 20
 How wretched those men are who freedom want,
 By such as never suffer'd a restraint.
 In which unquiet travel could I find
 Ought that might settle my distemper'd mind,
 Or of some comfort make discovery 25
 It were a voyage well imploy'd : but I,
 Like our raw travellers that cross the seas
 To fetch home fashions or some worse disease,

Instead of quiet a new torture bring
Home t'afflict me, malice and murmuring. 30
What is't I envy not? no dog nor fly
But my desires prefer, and wish were I;
For they are free, or if they were like me,
They had no sense to know calamitie.
But in the grave no sparks of envy live, 35
No hot comparisons that causes give
Of quarrel, or that our affections move
Any condition, save their own, to love.
There are no objects there but shades and night,
And yet that darkness better then the light. 40
There lives a silent harmony, no jar
Or discord can that sweet soft consort mar.
The graves deaf ear is clos'd against all noise
Save that which rocks must hear, the angels voice:
Whose trump shall wake the world, and raise up men 45
Who in earths bosom slept, bed-rid till then.
What man then would, who on deaths pillow slumbers,
Be re-inspir'd with life, though golden numbers
Of bliss were pour'd into his breast; though he
Were sure in change to gain a Monarchie? 50
A Monarchs glorious state compar'd with his,
Less safe, less free, less firm, less quiet is.
For nere was any Prince advanc't so high
That he was out of reach of misery:
Never did story yet a law report 55
To banish fate or sorrow from his Court;
Where ere he moves by land, or through the Main,
These go along sworn members of his train.

What medicine or what cordial can be got 25
 For thee, who poyson'st thy best antidot?
 Repentance is thy bane, since thou by it
 Onely reviv'st the fault thou didst commit.
 Nor griev'st thou for the past, but art in pain
 For fear thou mayst not act it o're again. 30
 So that thy tears, like water spilt on lime,
 Serve not to quench, but to advance the crime.

My blessed Saviour! unto thee I flie
 For help against this homebred tyrannie.
 Thou canst true sorrows in my soul imprint, 35
 And draw contrition from a breast of flint.
 Thou canst reverse this labyrinth of sin
 My wild affects and actions wander in.
 O guide my faith! and by thy graces clew
 Teach me to hunt that kingdom at the view 40
 Where true joyes reign, which like their day shall last;
 Those never clouded, nor that overcast.

*Being waked out of my sleep by a snuff of Candle
 which offended me, I thus thought.*

Perhaps 'twas but conceit. Erroneous sence!
 Thou art thine own distemper and offence.
 Imagine then, that sick unwholsom steam
 Was thy corruption breath'd into a dream.
 Nor is it strange, when we in charnells dwell, 5
 That all our thoughts of earth and frailty smell.

Man is a Candle, whose unhappy light
Burns in the day, and smothers in the night.
And as you see the dying taper waste,
By such degrees does he to darkness haste. 10

Here is the diff'rence: When our bodies lamps
Blinded by age, or choakt with mortall damp,
Now faint and dim and sickly 'gin to wink,
And in their hollow sockets lowly sink;
When all our vital fires ceasing to burn, 15
Leave nought but snuff and ashes in our Urn:
God will restore those fallen lights again,
And kindle them to an Eternal flame.

Sic Vita.

Like to the falling of a Starre;
Or as the flights of Eagles are;
Or like the fresh springs gawdy hew;
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood; 5
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is streight call'd in, and paid to night.

*The Wind blowes out; the Bubble dies;
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies; 10
The Dew dries up; the Starre is shot;
The Flight is past; and Man forgot.*

My Midnight Meditation.

Ill busi'd man! why should'st thou take such care
To lengthen out thy lifes short Kalendar?
When e'ry spectacle thou lookst upon
Presents and acts thy execution.

Each drooping season and each flower doth cry, 5
Fool! as I fade and wither, thou must dy.

The beating of thy pulse (when thou art well)
Is just the tolling of thy Passing Bell:
Night is thy Hearse, whose sable Canopie
Covers alike deceased day and thee. 10
And all those weeping dewes which nightly fall,
Are but the tears shed for thy funerall.

A Penitential Hymne.

Hearken O God unto a Wretches cries
Who low dejected at thy footstool lies.
Let not the clamour of my heinous sin
Drown my requests, which strive to enter in
At those bright gates, which alwaies open stand 5
To such as beg remission at thy hand.

Too well I know, if thou in rigour deal
I can nor pardon ask, nor yet appeal:
To my hoarse voice, heaven will no audience grant,
But deaf as brass, and hard as adamant 10
Beat back my words; therefore I bring to thee
A gracious *Advocate* to plead for me.

What though my leprous soul no *Jordan* can
Recure, nor floods of the lav'd Ocean
Make clean? yet from my Saviours bleeding side 15
Two large and medicinable rivers glide.
Lord, wash me where those streams of life abound,
And new *Bethesdaes* flow from ev'ry wound.

If I this precious Lather may obtain,
I shall not then despair for any stain; 20
I need no *Gileads* balm, nor oyl, nor shall
I for the purifying Hyssop call:
My spots will vanish in *His* purple flood,
And *crimson* there turn *white*, though washt with blood.

See *Lord*! with broken heart and bended knee, 25
How I address my humble suit to Thee;
O give that suit admittance to thy ears
Which floats to thee not in my words but tears:
And let my sinful soul this mercy crave
Before I fall into the silent grave. 30

AN ELEGY

Occasioned by sickness.

Well did the Prophet ask, *Lord what is man?*
Implying by the question none can
But God resolve the doubt, much less define
What Elements this child of dust combine.

Man is a stranger to himself, and knows 5
Nothing so naturally as his woes.

He loves to travel countreys, and confer
 The sides of Heavens vast Diameter:
 Delights to sit in Nile or Boetis lap,
 Before he hath sayl'd over his own Map; 10
 By which means he returnes, his travel spent,
 Less knowing of himself then when he went.
 Who knowledge hunt kept under forrein locks,
 May bring home wit to hold a Paradox,
 Yet be fools still. Therefore might I advise, 15
 I would inform the soul before the eyes:
 Make man into his proper Opticks look,
 And so become the student and the book
 With his conception, his first leaf, begin;
 What is he there but complicated sin? 20
 When riper time, and the approaching birth
 Ranks him among the creatures of the earth,
 His wailing mother sends him forth to greet
 The light, wrapt in a bloudy winding sheet;
 As if he came into the world to crave 25
 No place to dwell in, but bespeak a grave.

Thus like a red and tempest-boading morn
 His dawning is: for being newly born
 He hayles th'ensuing storm with shrieks and cries,
 And fines for his admission with wet eyes: 30

How should that Plant whose leaf is bath'd in tears
 Bear but a bitter fruit in elder years?
 Just such is this, and his maturer age
 Teems with event more sad then the presage.

For view him higher, when his childhoods span 35
Is raised up to Youths Meridian;
When he goes proudly laden with the fruit
Which health, or strength, or beauty contribute;
Yet as the mounted Canon batters down
The Towres and goodly structures of a town: 40
So one short sickness will his force defeat,
And his frail Cittadell to rubbish beat.
How does a dropsie melt him to a floud,
Making each vein run water more then bloud?
A Chollick wracks him like a Northern gust, 45
And raging feavers crumble him to dust.
In which unhappy state he is made worse
By his diseases then his makers curse.
God said in *toyl and sweat* he should earn bread,
And without labour not be nourished: 50
Here, though like ropes of falling dew, his sweat
Hangs on his lab'ring brow, he cannot eat.

Thus are his sins scourg'd in opposed themes,
And luxuries reveng'd by their extremes.
He who in health could never be content 55
With Rarities fetcht from each Element,
Is now much more afflicted to delight
His tasteless Palate, and lost appetite.

Besides though *God* ordain'd, that with the light
Man should begin his work, yet he made night 60
For his repose, in which the weary sense
Repaires it self by rests soft recompence.

But now his watchful nights, and troubled dayes
 Confused heaps of fear and fancy raise.
 His chamber seems a loose and trembling mine; 65
 His Pillow quilted with a Porcupine:
 Pain makes his downy Couch sharp thornes appear,
 And ev'ry feather prick him like a spear.
 Thus when all forms of death about him keep,
 He copies death in any form but sleep. 70

Poor walking clay! hast thou a mind to know
 To what unblest beginnings thou dost ow
 Thy wretched self? fall sick a while, and than
 Thou wilt conceive the pedigree of Man.
 Learn shalt thou from thine own Anatomie, 75
 That earth his mother, wormes his sisters be.
 That he's a short-liv'd vapour upward wrought,
 And by corruption unto nothing brought.
 A stagg'ring Meteor by cross Planets beat,
 Which often reeles and falles before his set: 80
 A tree which withers faster then it grows;
 A torch puff't out by ev'ry wind that blowes;
 A web of fourty weekes spun forth in pain,
 And in a moment ravell'd out again.

This is the Model of frail man: Then say 85
 That his duration's onely for a day:
 And in that day more fits of changes pass,
 Then Atomes run in the turn'd Hower-glass.

So that th'incessant cares which life invade
 Might for strong truth their heresie perswade, 90

Who did maintain that humane soules are sent
Into the body for their punishment:
At least with that Greek sage still make us cry,
Not to be born, or being born to dy.

But Faith steers up to a more glorious scope, 95
Which sweetens our sharp passage; and firm hope
Anchors our torne Barks on a blessed shore,
Beyond the Dead sea we here ferry o're.
To this, Death is our Pilot, and disease
The Agent which solicites our release. 100

Though crosses then poure on my restless head,
Or lingring sickness nail me to my bed:
Let this my Thoughts eternall comfort bee,
That my clos'd eyes a better light shall see.
And when by fortunes or by natures stroke 105
My bodies earthen Pitcher must be broke,
My Soul, like Gideons lamp, from her crackt urn
Shall Deaths black night to endlesse lustre turn.

The Dirge.

What is th'Existence of Mans life?
But open war, or slumber'd strife.
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the Elements:
And never feels a perfect Peace 5
Till deaths cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm where the hot blood
 Out-vies in rage the boyling flood;
 And each loud Passion of the mind
 Is like a furious gust of wind, 10
 Which beats his Bark with many a Wave
 Till he casts Anchor in the Grave.

It is a flower which buds and growes,
 And withers as the leaves disclose;
 Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep, 15
 Like fits of waking before sleep:
 Then shrinks into that fatal mold
 Where its first being was enroll'd.

It is a dream, whose seeming truth
 Is moraliz'd in age and youth: 20
 Where all the comforts he can share
 As wandring as his fancies are;
 Till in a mist of dark decay
 The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a Diall, which points out 25
 The Sun-set as it moves about:
 And shadowes out in lines of night
 The subtile stages of times flight,
 Till all obscuring earth hath laid
 The body in perpetual shade. 30

It is a weary enterlude
 Which doth short joyes, long woes include.
 The World the Stage, the Prologue tears,
 The Acts vain hope, and vary'd fears:

The Scene shuts up with loss of breath, 35
And leaves no Epilogue but Death.

AN ELEGY

*Occasioned by the losse of the most incomparable
Lady Stanhope, daughter to the Earl of
Northumberland.*

Lightned by that dimme Torch our sorrow bears
We sadly trace thy Coffin with our tears;
And though the Ceremonious Rites are past
Since thy fair body into earth was cast;
Though all thy Hatchments into ragges are torne, 5
Thy Funerall Robes and Ornaments outworn;
We still thy mourners without Shew or Art,
With solemn Blacks hung round about our heart,
Thus constantly the Obsequies renew
Which to thy precious memory are due. 10

Yet think not that we rudely would invade
The dark recess of thine untroubled shade,
Or give disturbance to that happy peace
Which thou enjoy'st at full since thy release;
Much less in sullen murmurs do complain 15
Of His decree who took thee back again,
And did e're Fame had spread thy vertues light,
Eclipse and fold thee up in endless night.
This like an act of envy not of grief
Might doubt thy bliss, and shake our own belief, 20

Whose studi'd wishes no proportion bear
 With joyes which crown thee now in glories sphere.

Know then blest Soul! we for our selves not thee
 Seal our woes dictate by this Elegie:
 Wherein our tears united in one streame 25
 Shall to succeeding times convey this theme,
 Worth all mens pity who discern how rare
 Such early growths of fame and goodness are.
 Of these part must thy sexes loss bewail
 Maim'd in her noblest Patterns through thy fail; 30
 For 'twould require a double term of life
 To match thee as a daughter or a wife:
 Both which Northumberland's dear loss improve
 And make his sorrow equal to his love.
 The rest fall for our selves, who cast behind 35
 Cannot yet reach the Peace which thou dost find;
 But slowly follow thee in that dull stage
 Which most untimely boasted hence thy age.

Thus like religious Pilgrims who designe
 A short salute to their beloved Shrine, 40
 Most sad and humble Votaries we come
 To offer up our sighs upon thy Tomb,
 And wet thy Marble with our dropping eyes
 Which till the spring which feeds their currents dries
 Resolve each falling night and rising day 45
 This mournfull homage at thy Grave to pay.

FINIS.

ELEGIES.

AN
ELEGY
UPON MY BEST FRIEND

L. K. C.

Should we our Sorrows in this Method range,
Oft as Misfortune doth their Subjects change,
And to the sev'ral Losses which befall,
Pay diff'rent Rites at ev'ry Funeral;
Like narrow Springs drain'd by dispersed Streams, 5
We must want Tears to wail such various Themes,
And prove defective in Deaths mournfull Laws,
Not having Words proportion'd to each Cause.

In your Dear loss my much afflicted Sense,
Discerns this Truth by sad experience, 10
Who never Look'd my Verses should survive,
As wet Records, That you are not Alive;
And less desir'd to make that Promise due,
Which pass'd from Me in jest, when urg'd by You.

How close and slily doth our Frailty work! 15
How undiscover'd in the Body lurk!
That Those who this Day did salute you well,
Before the Next were frightened by your Knell.
O wherefore since we must in Order rise,
Should we not Fall in equal Obsequies? 20
But bear th'Assaults of an uneven Fate,
Like Feavers which their Hour anticipate;
Had this Rule constant been, my long wish'd End
Might render you a Mourner for your Friend:

As He for you, whose most deplor'd surprise 25
 Imprints your Death on all my Faculties;
 That hardly my dark Phant'sie or Discourse,
 This final Duty from the Pen inforce:
 Such Influence hath your Eclipsed Light,
 It doth my Reason like my Self benight. 30
 Let me, with Luckless Gamesters, then think best
 (After I have Set up and Lost my Rest,)
 Grow'n desp'rate through mischance, to Venture last
 My whole remaining Stock upon a Cast,
 And flinging from me my now Loathed Pen, 35
 Resolve for your Sake nev'r to write agen:
 For whilst Successive days their Light renew,
 I must no Subject hope to Equal you,
 In whose Heroick Brest as in their Sphear,
 All Graces of your Sex concentred were. 40
 Thus take I my long Farewell of that Art,
 Fit only glorious Actions to impart;
 That Art wherewith our Crosses we beguile,
 And make them in Harmonious numbers smile:
 Since you are gone, This holds no further use, 45
 Whose Virtue and Desert inspir'd my Muse.
 O may She in your Ashes Buried be,
 Whilst I my Self become the Elegie.
 And as it is observ'd when Princes Dye,
 In honour of that sad Solemnity, 50
 The now unoffic'd Servants crack their Staves,
 And throw them down into their Masters Graves:
 So this last Office of my broken Verse,
 I solemnly resign upon your Hearse;

And my Brains moisture, all that is unspent, 55
 Shall melt to nothing at the Monument.
 Thus in moist Weather when the Marble weeps,
 You'l think it only his Tears reck'ning keeps,
 Who doth for ever to his Thoughts bequeath
 The Legacy of your lamented Death. 60

On the Earl of Essex.

Essex twice made unhappy by a Wife,
 Yet Marry'd worse unto the Peoples strife:
 He who by two Divorces did untie
 His Bond of Wedlock and of Loyalty:
 Who was by Easiness of Nature bred, 5
 To lead that Tumult which first Him misled;
 Yet had some glimm'ring Sparks of Virtue lent
 To see (though late) his Errour, and Repent:
Essex lies here, like an inverted Flame,
 Hid in the ruins of his House and Name; 10
 And as He, frailties sad Example, lies,
 Warns the Survivours in his Exequies.

He shews what wretched bubbles Great Men are,
 Through their Ambition grown too Popular:
 For they Built up, from weak Opinion, stand 15
 On Bases false as Water, loose as Sand;
Essex in differing Successes try'd
 The fury and the falshood of each Side;
 Now with applauses Deify'd, and then
 Thrown down with sightfull infamy agen: 20

Tells them, what Arts soever them support,
 Their Life is meerly Time and Fortunes sport,
 And that no Bladders blown by Common breath,
 Shall bear them up amidst the Waves of Death:
 Tells them no Monstrous Birth, with Pow'r endu'd 25
 By that more Monstrous Beast the Multitude;
 No State-*Coloss* (though Tall as that bestrid
 The Rhodian Harbour where their Navy rid)
 Can hold that ill-proportion'd Greatness still,
 Beyond his Greater, most Resistless will, 30
 Whose dreadfull Sentence written on the Wall
 Did sign the Temple Robbing Tyrants fall;
 But Spight of their vast Priviledge, which strives
 T'exceed the Size of ten Prerogatives;
 Spight of their Endless Parliament, or Grants, 35
 (In Order to those Votes and Covenants,
 When, without Sense of their black Perjury
 They Swear with *Essex* they would Live and Dye)
 With their Dead General ere long they must
 Contracted be into a Span of Dust. 40

*An Elegy on Sir Charls Lucas, and
 Sir George Lisle.*

In measures solemn as the groans that fall
 From the hoarse Trumpet at some Funerall;
 With trayling Elegy and mournfull Verse
 I wait upon two Pearless Souldiers Hearse:
 Though, I acknowledge must, my sorrowes dress 5
 Ill matched to the cause it should Express;

Nor can I, at my best Inventions cost,
Sum up the Treasure which in them we lost:
Had they with other Worthies of the Age,
Who late upon the Kingdoms bloody Stage, 10
For God, the King, and Laws, their Valour try'd,
Through Warrs stern chance in heat of Battel Dy'd,
We then might save much of our griefs expence
Reputing it not duty, but offence.
They need no tears nor howling Exequy, 15
Who in a glorious undertaking Dye;
Since all that in the bed of honour fell
Live their own Monument and Chronicle.
But these, whom horrid danger did not reach,
The wide-mouth'd Cannon, nor the wider Breach, 20
These, whom till cruel want and coward fate
Penn'd up like famish'd Lions in a Grate,
Were for their daring Sallies so much fear'd
Th'Assailants fled them like a frightened Heard;
Resolving now no more to fight, but lurk 25
Trench'd in their Line or earth'd within a Work.
Where not like Souldiers they, but Watchmen, creep,
Arm'd for no other office but to sleep:
They, whose bold charge whole Armies did amaze,
Rendring them faint and heartless at the Gaze, 30
To see Resolve and Naked Valour charmes
Of higher Proof than all their massy Armes:
They whose bright swords ruffled the proudest Troop
(As fowl unto the towring Falcon stoop)
Yet no advantage made of their Success 35
Which to the conquer'd spake them merciless;

(For they, when e'r 'twas begg'd did safety give,
 And oft unasked bid the vanquish'd live;) Ev'n these, not more undaunted in the Field
 Than mild and Gentle unto such as yield, 40
 Were, after all the shocks of battails stood,
 (Let me not name it) murder'd in cold blood.
 Such poor revenge did the enraged Greek
 Against (till then) victorious *Hector* seek,
 Triumphant o'r that Body bownd and dead 45
 From whom in Life the Pow'rs of Argos fled.
 Yet might *Achillis* borrow some excuse
 To colour, though not warrant the abuse:
 His dearest Friend in the fierce combate foyl'd
 Was by the Trojans hand of Life despoyl'd: 50
 From whence unruly grief grown wild with rage
 Beyond the bownds of Honour did engage.
 But these, confirm'd in their unmanly hate,
 By Counsels cruel yet deliberate,
 Did from the Stock of bleeding honour hew 55
 Two of the noblest Branches ever grew;
 And (which our grief and Pitty must improve)
 When brought within their reach with shews of Love:
 For by a Treaty they entangled are,
 And Rendring up to Mercy is the Snare; 60
 Whence we have learn'd when e'r their Saint-Ships
 The ends are mortall, and the means a Cheat; (Treat,
 In which the World may read their black intent,
 Drawn out at large in this sad President.
 Who (though fair promis'd) might no Mercy have, 65
 But such as once the faithless Bashaw gave,

When to his trust deluded *Bragadine*
 Himself and *Famogasta* did resign.
 Whose envy'd Valour thus to bonds betray'd
 Was soon the mark of barb'rous slaughter made: 70
 So gallant Shippes which rocks and storms had past,
 Though with torn Sails and spending of their Mast,
 When newly brought within the sight of Land,
 Have been suckt up by some devouring Sand
 You wretched Agents for a Kingdoms fall, 75
 Who yet your selves the Modell'd Army call;
 Who carry on and fashion your Design
 By *Syllaes*, *Syllaes* red proscriptions Line,
 (Romes Comet once, as You are Ours) for shame
 Henceforth no more usurp the Souldiers Name: 80
 Let not that Title in fair Battails gain'd
 Be by such abject things as You profan'd;
 For what have you atchiev'd, the world may guess
 You are those Men of Might which you profess.
 Where ever durst You strike, if you met foes 85
 Whose Valour did your odds in men oppose?
 Turn o're the Annalls of your vaunted Fights
 Which made you late the Peoples Favourites;
 Begin your course at *Naseby*, and from thence
 Draw out Your Marches full circumference, 90
Bridgwater, *Bristol*, *Dartmouth*, with the rest
 Of Your well-plotted renders in the West;
 Then to the angry North Your compass bend
 Untill Your spent careere in *Scotland* end,
 (This is the perfect Scale of our mishap 95
 Which measures out your conquest by the Mapp)

And tell me he that can, What have you won,
 Which long before Your progress was not done?
 What Castle was besieg'd, what Port, what Town,
 You were not sure to carry 'ere sat down? 100
 There needed no Granadoes, no Petard,
 To force the passage, or disperse the Guard.
 No, Your good Masters sent a Golden Ramm
 To batter down the gates against You came.
 Those blest Reformers who procur'd the *Swead* 105
 His armed Forces into *Denmark* lead,
 'Mongst them to kindle a sharp warr for hire,
 Who in mear pittty meant to quench our fire,
 Could where they pleased with the King's own coyn,
 Divert His Aids and Strengths at home purloyn. 110
 Upon Sea Voyages I sometimes find
 Men trade with Lapland Witches for a Wind,
 And by those purchas'd Gales, quick as their thought,
 To the desired Port are safely brought.
 We need not here on skillfull *Hopkins* call 115
 The States allow'd *Witch-finder General*.
 For (though Rebellion wants no Cad nor Elfe,
 But is a perfect Witchcraft of it self)
 We could with little help of art reveal
 Those learn'd Magitians with whom You deal: 120
 We all Your Juggles both for Time and Place
 From *Darby*-house to *Westminster* can Trace,
 The Circle where the factious Jangle meet
 To Trample Law and Gospel under feet;
 In which, like Bells Rung backward, they proclaim 125
 The Kingdom by their Wild-fire set on flame,

And, quite Perverting their First Rules, invent
What mischief may be done by Parliament:
We know Your holy Flamens, and can tell
What Spirits Vote within the Oracle: 130
Have found the spells and Incantations too,
By whose assistance You such Wonders do.
For divers Years the credit of Your warrs
Hath been kept up by these Familiars,
Who that they may their providence express 135
Both find you Pay and purchase Your Success:
No wonder then You must the Garland wear,
Who never fought but with a Silver Spear.

We grant the Warrs unhappy consequence (thence,
With all the num'rous Plagues which grow from 140
Murthers and Rapes, threats of Disease and Dearth,
From You as for the proper Spring take birth:
You may for Laws enact the Publick Wrongs,
With all fowl Violence to them belongs;
May bawl aloud the Peoples Right and Pow'r 145
Till by Your Sword You both of them Devour,
(For this brave Liberty by You up-cry'd
Is to all others but Your-selves deny'd,)
May with seditious fires the Land embroyl,
And in pretence to quench them take the Spoyl: 150
You may Religion to Your lust subdue,
For these are actions only Worthy You:
Yet when your Projects, crownd with wish'd event,
Have made You Masters of the ill You meant,
You never must the Souldiers glory share, 155
Since all your Trophies Executions are:

Not thinking your Successes understood,
Unless Recorded and Scor'd up in Blood.

In which, to Gull the People, you pretend
That Military Justice was Your end; 160
As if we still were Blind, not knowing this
To all your other Virtues suited is;

Who only Act by your great Grandsires Law,
The Butcher *Cade*, *Wat Tyler*, and *Jack Straw*,
Whose Principle was Murther, and their Sport 165
To cut off those they fear'd might do them hurt:

Nay, in your Actions we compleated find,
What by those Levellers was but design'd,
For now Committees, and your Arm'd supplies,
Canton the Land in petty Tyrannies, 170

And for one King of Commons in each Shire,
Four hundred Commons rule as Tyrants here.
Had you not meant the Copies of each Deed,
Should their Originals in ill exceed,

You would not practice sure the *Turkish Art*, 175
To Ship your taken Pris'ners for a Mart,
Least if with Freedome they at Home remain,
They should (which is your Terroure) Fight again.

A thing long since by Zealous *Rigby* mov'd,
And by the Faction like himself approv'd; 180
Though you uncounsell'd can such Outrage try,
Scarce sampled from the basest Enemy.

Naseby of Old, and late *St. Fagans* Fare,
Of these inhumane Truckings witness are;
At which the Captiv'd *Welch* in Couples led, 185
Were Marketted, like Cattel, by the Head.

Let it no more in History be told,
 That *Turks* their *Christian* Slaves for Aspers sold;
 When we the Saints selling their Brethren see,
 Who *had a Call* (they say) to set them free; 190
 And are at last by Right of Conquest grown,
 To claim our Land of *Canaan* for their own.
 Though 'luckless *Colchester* in this out-vies,
Argiers or *Tunis* shamefull Merchandise;
 Where the Starv'd Souldier (as th'agreement was) 195
 Might not be suffer'd to their Dwelling pass,
 Till, led about by some insulting Band,
 They first were shew'd in Triumph through the Land:
 In which for lack of Dyet, or of Strength
 If any Fainted through the Marches length, 200
 Void of the Breasts of Men, this Murth'rous Crew
 All those they could drive on no further, Slew;
 What Bloody Riddle's this? They mercy give,
 Yet those who should enjoy it, must not Live.
 Indeed we cannot less from such expect, 205
 Who for this Work of Ruine are Elect:
 This Scum drawn from the worst, who never knew
 The Fruits which from Ingenuous Breeding grew;
 But take such low Commanders on their Lists,
 As did revolted *Jeroboam* Priests: 210
 That 'tis our Fate, I fear, to be undone
 Like *Aegypt* once with Vermin over-run.
 If in the Rabble some be more refin'd
 By fair Extractions of their birth or mind,
 Ev'n these corrupted are by such allays, 215
 That no Impression of their Vertue stays.

- As Gold embased by some mingled Dross
Both in it's Worth and Nature suffers Loss.
- Else had that Sense of Honour still Surviv'd
Which *Fairfax* from his Ancestors deriv'd, 220
He ne'r had shew'd Himself, for hate or fear,
So much degen'rous from renowned *Vere*
(The Title and Alliance of whose Son
His Acts of Valour had in *Holland* won),
As to give up by his rash dooming Breath 225
This precious *Pair of Lives* to timeless death;
Whom no brave Enemy but would esteem,
And, though with hazard of his own, redeem.
For 'tis not vainly by the world surmis'd
This Blood to private Spleens was sacrific'd. 230
Half of the guilt stands chardgd on *Whaleys* score,
By *Lisle* affronted on his guards before;
For which his spight by other hands was shew'n,
Who never durst dispute it with his own.
Twice guilty coward! first by Vote, then Eye, 235
Spectator of the shamefull Tragedy.
But *Lucas* elder cause of quarrell Knew,
From whence his Critical Misfortune grew;
Since he from *Berkley* Castle with such scorn
Bold *Ransborough's* first Summons did return, 240
Telling him Loudly at the Parley's Beat,
With Rogues and Rebels He disdain'd to Treat;
Some from this hot contest the world perswade
His sleeping vengeance on that ground was laid:
If so, for ever blurr'd with Envy's brand, 245
His Honour gain'd by Sea, was lost at Land:

Nor could he an impending Judgment shun
 Who did to this with so much fervour run,
 When late himself, to quit that Bloody stain,
 Was, midst his Armed Guards, from *Pomfret* slain. 250
 But all in vain we here expostulate
 What took them hence, private or publick hate:
 Knowledge of acted Woes small comforts add,
 When no repair proportion'd can be had:
 And such are ours, which to the Kingdomes eyes 255
 Sadly present ensuing miseries,
 Fore-telling in *These Two* some greater ill
 From Those who now a Pattent have to Kill.
Two, whose dear loss leaves us no recompence,
 Nor them attonement, which in weight or Sense 260
 With *These* shall never into Ballance come
 Though all the Army fell their Hecatomb.
 Here leave them then; and be't our last relief
 To give their merit Value in our grief.
 Whose blood however yet neglected must 265
 Without revenge or Rites mingle with Dust;
 Not any falling drop shall ever dry
 Till to a Weeping Spring it multiply,
 Bath'd in whose tears their blasted Laurell shall (fall.
 Grow green, and with fresh Garlands Crown their 270
 From this black region then of Death and Night
 Great Spirits take your everlasting flight:
 And as your Valours mounting fires combine,
 May they a brighter Constellation shine
 Than Gemini, or than the Brother-Starrs 275
Castor and *Pollux* fortunate to warrs.

That all fair Souldiers by Your sparkling light
 May find the way to Conquer when they Fight,
 And by those Paterns which from you they take
 Direct their course though Honours Zodiak: 280
 But upon Traitors frown with dire Aspect,
 Which may their perjuries and guilt reflect;
 Unto the Curse of whose Nativity,
 Prodigious as the *Caput Algol* be,
 Whose pale and ghastly Tresses still portend 285
 Their own despair or Hangman for their end.
 And that succeeding ages may keep safe
 Your Lov'd remembrance in some Epitaph,
 Upon the ruins of your glorious Youth
 Inscribed be this Monumentall Truth: 290
 Here ly the Valiant *Lucas* and brave *Lysle*,
 With *Amasa* betray'd in *Joabs* smile:
 In whom revenge of Honour taking place
 His great Corrivall's stabb'd in the Embrace.
 And as it was the *Hebrew* Captains stain 295
 That he two Greater than himself had Slain,
Shedding the Blood of Warr in time of Peace,
 When Love pretended was, and Arms did cease.
 May the fowl Murtherers expect a fate
 Like *Joabs*, Blood with Blood to expiate: 300
 Which quick as Lightning, and as Thunder sure,
 Preventions wisest arts nor shun, nor cure.
 O may it fall on their perfidious head!
 That when, with *Joab* to the Altar fled,
 Themselves the Sword and reach of vengence flee 305
 No Temple may their Sanctuary be.

Last, that nor frailty nor devouring time
May ever lose impressions of the Crime,
Let loyal *Colchester* (who too late try'd
To Check, when highest wrought, the Rebels Pride, 310
Holding them long, and doubtfull at the bay,
Whilest we by looking on gave all away)
Be only Nam'd: which like a Columne built
Shall both enhearse this blood un-nobly spilt,
And live, till all her Towres in rubbish lye 315
The Monuments of their base Cruelty.

*An Elegy upon the most Incomparable
King Charls the First.*

Call for amazed thoughts, a wounded sense
And bleeding Hearts at our Intelligence.
Call for that Trump of Death the Mandrakes Groan
Which kills the Hearers: This befits alone
Our Story which through times vast Calendar, 5
Must stand without Example or Repair.
What spouts of melting Clouds, what endless Springs,
Powr'd in the Oceans lap for Offerings,
Shall feed the hungry Torrent of our grief
Too mighty for expression or belief? 10
Though all those moistures which the brain attracts
Ran from eyes like gushing *Cataracts*,
Or our sad accents could out-tongue the Cryes
Which did from mournful *Hadadrimmon* rise,

- Since that remembrance of *Josiah* slain 15
 In our *King's* murther is reviv'd again.
 O pardon me that but from Holy Writ
 Our loss allowes no *Parallel* to it:
 Nor call it bold presumption that I dare
Charls with the best of *Judah's Kings* compare: 20
 The vertues of whose life did I prefer
 The Text acquits me for no Flatterer.
 For he like *David* perfect in his Trust,
 Was never stayn'd like Him, with Blood or Lust.
 One who with *Solomon* in Judgment try'd, 25
 Was quick to comprehend, Wise to decide,
 (That even his Judges stood amaz'd to hear
 A more transcendent Mover in their Sphear)
 Though more Religious: for when doting Love
 A while made *Solomon* Apostate prove, 30
Charls nev'r endur'd the Truth which he profest,
 To be unfixt by bosome interest.
 Bold as *Jehosaphat*, yet forc'd to Fight,
 And for his own, no unconcerned Right.
 Should I recount His constant time of Pray'r, 35
 Each rising Morn and Ev'ning Regular,
 You'd say his practice preach'd, They ought not Eat
 Who by devotion first not earn'd their Meat:
 Thus *Hezekiah* He exceeds in Zeal,
 Though not (like him) So facile to reveal 40
 The Treasures of Gods House, or His own Heart,
 To be supplanted by some forein art.
 And that he might in fame with *Joash* share
 When he the ruin'd Temple did repair,

His cost on *Pauls* late ragged Fabrick spent 45
Must (if no other) be His Monument.

From this Survey the Kingdom may conclude
His Merits, and her Losses Magnitude:
Nor think he flatters or blasphemes, who tells
That *Charls* exceeds *Judea's* Parallels, 50
In whom all Vertues we concentred see
Which 'mongst the best of them divided be.

O weak built Glories! which those Tempests feel
To force you from your firmest bases reel,
What from the stroaks of Chance shall you secure, 55
When Rocks of Innocence are so unsure?
When the World's only mirrour slaughter'd lies,
Envies and Treasons bleeding sacrificize;
As if His stock of Goodness could become
No *Kalendar*, but that of *Martyrdom*. 60

See now ye cursed Mountebanks of State,
Who have *Eight years* for Reformations sate;
You who dire *Alva's* Counsels did transfer,
To Act his Scenes on *England's* Theater;
You who did pawn your Selves in *Publick Faith* 65
To slave the Kingdom by your Pride and Wrath;
Call the whole World to witness now, how just,
How well you are responsive to your trust,
How to your King the promise you perform,
With Fasts, and Sermons, and long Prayers sworn, 70
That you intended *Peace* and *Truth* to bring
To make your *Charls* *Europes* most Glorious King.
Did you for this *Lift up your Hands on high*,
To Kill the King, and pluck down Monarchy?

These are the Fruits by your wild Faction sown, 75
 Which not Imputed are, but Born your own:
 For though you wisely seem to wash your Hands,
 The Guilt on every Vote and Order stands;
 So that convinc'd, from all you did before,
 Justice must lay the Murther at your Door. 80
 Mark if the Body does not Bleed anew,
 In any Circumstance approach'd by You,
 From whose each motion we might plain descry
 The black Ostents of this late Tragedy.
 For when the King through Storms in *Scotland* bred, 85
 To his *Great Council* for his shelter fled,
 When in that meeting every Error gain'd
 Redresses sooner granted, than Complain'd:
 Not all those frank Concessions or Amends
 Did suit the then too Powerfull *Faction's* ends: 90
 No Acts of Grace at present would Content,
 Nor Promise of *Triennial Parl'ament*,
 Till by a formal Law the King had past
 This *Session* should at Your pleasure last.
 So having got the Bitt, and that 'twas known 95
 No power could dissolve You but Your own,
 Your graceless Junto make such use of this,
 As once was practis'd by *Semiramis*;
 Who striving by a subtile Sute to prove
 The largeness of her Husband Trust and Love, 100
 Did from the much abused King obtain
 That for *Three dayes* She might sole Empress reign;
 Before which time expir'd, the bloody Wife
 Depriv'd her *Lord* both of his *Crown* and *Life*.

There needs no Comment when your deeds apply 105
The Demonstration of her Treachery.

Which to effect, by *Absolon's* foul wife
You of the Peoples Heart your *Prince* beguile;
Urging what Eases they might reap by it
Did you their *Legislative Judges* sit. 110

How did you fawn upon, and Court the Rout,
Whose Clamour carry'd your whole Plot about?
How did you thank Seditious men that came
To bring Petitions which your selves did frame?
And lest they wanted Hands to set them on, 115
You lead the way by throwing the first stone.

For in that *Libel* after Midnight born,
Wherewith your Faction labour'd till the Morn,
That Famous Lye, you a *Remonstrance* name;
Were not Reproaches your malicious aim? 120

Was not the *King's* dishonour your intent,
By Slanders to traduce his Government?
All which your spitefull Cunning did contrive;
Men must receive through your false Perspective,
In which the smallest Spots improved were, 125
And every Mote a Mountain did appear.

Thus *Caesar* by th' ungratefull Senate found
His *Life* assaulted through his *Honour's* Wound.

And now to make Him hopeless to resist,
You guide His Sword by Vote, which as you list 130
Must, Strike or Spare (for so you did enforce
His Hand against His Reason to divorce

Brave *Strafford's* Life,) then wring it quite away
 By your usurping each Militia:
 Then seize His Magazines, of which possest 135
 You turn the Weapons 'gainst their Master's Breast.
 This done, th' unkennell'd crew of Lawless men
 Led down by *Watkins, Pennington, and Ven,*
 Did with confused noise the Court invade;
 Then all Dissenters in Both Houses Bay'd. 140
 At which the King amaz'd is forc'd to flye,
 The whilst your Mouth's laid on maintain the Cry.
 The Royal Game dislodg'd and under Chase,
 Your hot Pursute dogs Him from place to place:
 Not *Saul* with greater fury or disdain 145
 Did flying *David* from *Jeshimon's* plain
 Unto the barren Wilderness pursue,
 Than Cours'd and Hunted is the King by you.
 The *Mountain Partridge* or the *Chased Roe*
 Might now for Emblemes of His Fortune go, 150
 And since all other May-games of the Town
 (Save those your selves should make) were Voted down,
 The Clam'rous Pulpit Hollaes in resort,
 Inviting men to your *King-catching* Sport.
 Where as the Foyl grows cold you mend the Scent 155
 By crying *Privilege of Parliament,*
 Whose fair Pretensions the first sparkles are,
 Which by your breath blown up enflame the War,
 And *Ireland* (bleeding by design) the Stale
 Wherewith for Men and Money you prevail. 160
 Yet doubting that Imposture could not last,
 When all the Kingdoms Mines of Treasure waste,

You now tear down *Religion's* sacred Hedge
 To carry on the Work by *Sacriledge*;
 Reputing it *Rebellions* fittest Pay 165
 To take both *God's* and *Caesar's* dues away.

The tenor of which execrable Vote
 Your over-active *Zelots* so promote,
 That neither *Tomb* nor *Temple* could escape,
 Nor *Dead* nor *Living*, your *Licentious* Rape. 170
Statues and *Grave-stones* o'r men buried
 Rob'd of their *Brass*, the *Coffins* of their *Led*;
 Not the *Seventh Henry's* gilt and curious *Skreen*,
 Nor those which 'mongst our *Rarities* were seen,
 The *Chests* wherein the *Saxon Monarchs* lay, 175
 But must be basely sould or thrown away.
 May in succeeding times forgotten be
 Those bold *Examples* of *Impiety*,
 Which were the *Ages* wonder and discourse,
 You have Their greatest ills improv'd by worse. 180

No more be mention'd *Dionysius* Theft,
 Who of their *Gold* the *Heathen Shrines* bereft;
 For who with Yours His *Robberies* confer,
 Must him repute a petty *Pilferer*.

Nor *Julian's* Scoff, who when he view'd the State 185
 Of *Antioch's* Church, the *Ornaments* and *Plate*,
 Cry'd, *Meaner Vessels* would serve turn, or *None*
 Might well become the birth of *Mary's Son*:

Nor how that spightfull *Atheist* did in scorn
 Pisse on *God's Table*, which so oft had born 190
 The *Hallow'd Elements*, his death present:

Nor he that fould it with his *Excrement*,

- Then turn'd the Cloth unto that act of shame,
Which without trembling *Christians* should not name.
- Nor *John of Leyden*, who the pillag'd Quires 195
Employ'd in *Munster* for his own attires;
His pranks by *Hazlerig* exceeded be,
A wretch more wicked and as mad as he,
Who once in triumph led his Sumpter Moil
Proudly bedecked with the Altar's spoyl. 200
- Nor at *Bizantium's* sack how *Mahomet*
In *St. Sophia's* Church his Horses set.
- Nor how *Belshazzar* at his drunken Feasts
Carow'd in holy Vessels to his Guests:
- Nor he that did the Books and Anthers tear, 205
Which in the *daily Stations* used were.
- These were poor Essayes of imperfect Crimes,
Fit for beginners in unlearned times,
Siz'd onely for that dull Meridian
Which knew no Jesuit nor Puritan, 210
(Before whose fatal Birth were no such things
As Doctrines to Depose and Murther Kings.)
But since Your prudent care Enacted well,
That there should be no King in *Israel*,
England must write such Annals of Your reign 215
Which all Records of elder mischiefs stain.
Churches unbuilt by order, others burn'd;
Whilst *Pauls* and *Lincoln* are to Stables turn'd;
And at God's Table you might Horses see
By (those more Beasts) their Riders manger'd be, 220
Some Kitchens and some Slaughter-houses made,
Communion-boards and *Cloths* for Dressers laid:

Some turn'd to loathsome Goals, so by you brought
 Unto the Curse of *Baal's* House:, a Draught.
 The *Common Prayers* with the *Bibles* torn, 225
 The *Coaps* in Antick Moorish Dances worn,
 And sometimes, for the wearers greater mock,
 The *Surplice* is converted to a Frock.
 Some bringing Dogs the *Sacrament* revile,
 Some with *Copronimus* the Font defile. 230
 O God! canst *Thou* these prophanations like?
 If not, why is thy Thunder slow to strike
 The cursed Authors? who dare think that *Thou*
 Dost, when not punish them, their acts allow.
 All which outrageous Crimes, though your pretence 235
 Would fasten on the Souldiers insolence,
 We must believe, that what by them was done
 Came licens'd forth by your probation.
 For, as your selves with *Athaliah's* Brood
 In strong contention for precedence stood, 240
 You robb'd Two *Royal Chapels* of their Plate,
 Which Kings and Queens to God did dedicate;
 Then by a Vote more sordid than the Stealth,
 Melt down and Coyn it for the *Common-wealth*;
 That is, give't up to the devouring jaws 245
 Of your great *Idol Bell*, new styl'd *The Cause*.
 And though this Monster you did well devise
 To feed by Plunder, Taxes, Loans, Excise;
 (All which Provisions You the People tell
 Scarce serve to diet Your *Pantagruel*.) 250
 We no *Strew'd Ashes* need to trace the Cheat,
 Who plainly see what Mouthes the Messes eat.

Brave *Reformation!* and a through one too,
 Which to enrich Your selves must All undo.
 Pray tell us (those that can) What fruits have grown 255
 From all Your Seeds in Blood and Treasure sown?
 What would you mend? when Your Projected State
 Doth from the Best in Form degenerate?
 Or why should You (of All) attempt the Cure,
 Whose Facts nor *Gospel's* Test nor *Laws* endure? 260
 But like unwholsome Exhalations met
 From Your Conjunction onely Plagues beget,
 And in Your Circle, as Imposthumes fill
 Which by their venome the whole Body kill;
 For never had You Pow'r but to Destroy, 265
 Nor Will, but where You Conquer'd to Enjoy.

This was your Master-prize, who did intend
 To make both *Church* and *Kingdom's* prey Your End.
 'Gainst which the King (plac'd in the Gap) did strive
 By *His* (till then unquestion'd) *Negative*, 270
 Which finding You lack'd Reason to perswade,
 Your Arguments are into Weapons made;
 So to compell him by main force to yield,
 You had a Formed Army in the Field
 Before his Reared *Standard* could invite 275
 Ten men upon his Righteous Cause to fight:
 Yet ere those raised Forces did advance,
 Your malice struck him dead by Ordinance,
 When your Commissions the whole Kingdom swept
 With Blood and Slaughter, *Not the King Except.* 280

Now hardned in Revolt, You next proceed
 By *Pacts* to strengthen each Rebellious Deed,

New *Oaths*, and *Vows*, and *Covenants* advance,
 All contradicting your *Allegiance*,
 Whose Sacred knot you plainly did unty, 285
 When you with *Essex* swore to *Live and Dye*.
 These were your *Calves* in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,
 Which *Jeroboam's* Treason stablish can,
 Who by strange Pacts and Altars did seduce
 The People to their Laws and King's abuse; 290
 All which but serve like *Shibboleth* to try
 Those who pronounc'd not your conspiracy;
 That when your other Trains defective are,
Forc'd Oaths might bring Refusers to the Snare.
 And lest those men your Counsels did pervert, 295
 Might when your Fraud was seen the Cause desert,
 A fierce Decree is through the Kingdom sent,
 Which made it Death for any to Repent.
 What strange Dilemmaes doth Rebellion make?
 'Tis mortal to Deny, or to Partake: 300
 Some Hang who would not aid your Traiterous Act,
 Others engag'd are Hang'd if they Retract.
 So Witches who their Contracts have unsworn,
 By their own Devils are in pieces torn.
 Thus still the rageing Tempest higher grows, 305
 Which in Extreame the Kings Resolvings throws.
 The face of Ruin every where appears,
 And Acts of Outrage multiply our fears;
 Whilst blind Ambition by successes fed
 Hath You beyond the bound of Subjects led, 310
 Who tasting once the sweet of Regal Sway,
 Resolving now no longer to obey.

For *Presbyterian* pride contests as high
 As doth the Popedom for Supremacy.
 Needs must you with unskilfull *Phaeton* 315
 Aspire to guid the Chariot of the Sun,
 Though your ill-govern'd height with lightning be
 Thrown headlong from his burning Axle-tree.
 You will no more *Petition* or *Debate*,
 But your desire in *Propositions* state, 320
 Which by such Rules and Ties the *King* confine,
 They in effect are Summons to *Resign*.
 Therefore your War is manag'd with such sleight,
 'Twas seen you more prevail'd by Purse than Might;
 And those you could not purchase to your will, 325
 You Brib'd with Sums of Money to sit still.
 The *King* by this time hopeless here of Peace,
 Or to procure His wasted Peoples ease,
 Which He in frequent Messages had try'd,
 By you as oft as Shamelesly deny'd; 330
 Wearied by faithless Friends and restless Foes,
 To certain hazard doth His Life Expose:
 When through your Quarters in a mean disguise
 He to His Country-men for succour flies,
 Who met a brave occasion then to save 335
 Their Native King from His untimely Grave:
 Had he from them such fair Reception gain'd,
 Wherewith ev'n *Achish David* entertain'd.
 But Faith to Him or Hospitable Laws
 In your Confederate Union were no Clause, 340
 Which back to you their Rendred *Master* sends
 To tell how *He was us'd among his Friends*.

Far be it from my thoughts by this black Line
 To measure all within that Warlike Clime;
 The still admir'd *Montross* some Numbers lead 345
 In his brave steps of Loyalty to tread.
 I only Tax a furious Party there,
 Who with our Native Pests Enleagu'd were.
 Then 'twas you follow'd Him with Hue and Cry,
 Made Midnight Searches in Each Liberty, 350
Voting it Death to all without Reprieve,
 Who should their *Master* Harbour or Relieve.
 Ev'n in pure pity of both Nations Fame,
 I wish that Act in Story had no Name.
 When all your mutual Stipulations are 355
 Converted at *Newcastle* to a Fair,
 Where (like *His Lord*) the King the Mart is made,
 Bought with *Your* Money, and by *Them* Betraid;
 For both are Guilty, *They* that did Contract,
 And *You* that did the fatal Bargain Act. 360
 Which who by equal Reason shall peruse,
 Must yet conclude, They had the best Excuse:
 For doubtless They (Good men) had never Sold,
 But that you tempted Them with English Gold;
 And 'tis no wonder if with such a Sum 365
 Our Brethrens frailty might be overcome.
 What though hereafter it may prove their Lot
 To be compared with *Iscariot*?
 Yet will the World perceive which was most wise,
 And who the Nobler Traitor by the Price; 370
 For though 'tis true Both did Themselves undo,
They made the better Bargain of the Two,

Which all may reckon who can difference
 Two hundred thousand Pounds from *Thirty Pence*.
 However something is in Justice due, 375
 Which may be spoken in defence of You;
 For in your Masters Purchase you gave more,
 Than all your *Jewish* Kindred paid before.
 And had you wisely us'd what then you bought,
 Your Act might be a Loyal Ransome thought, 380
 To free from Bonds your Captive Sovereign,
 Restoring Him to his lost Crown again.
 But You had other Plots, your busie hate
 Ply'd all advantage on His fallen State,
 And shew'd You did not come to bring Him Bayl, 385
 But to remove Him to a stricter *Gaol*,
 To *Holmby* first, whence taken from His Bed,
 He by an Army was in Triumph led;
 Till on pretence of safety *Cromwel's* wile
 Had juggl'd Him into the *Fatal Isle*, 390
 Where *Hammond* for his Jaylor is decreed,
 And Murderous *Rolf* as Lieger-Hangman fee'd,
 Who in one fatal Knot Two Counsels tye,
 He must by Poison or by Pistol Dye.
 Here now deny'd all Comforts due to Life, 395
 His Friends, His Children, and His Peerless Wife;
 From *Carisbrook* He oft but vainly sends,
 And though first Wrong'd, seeks to make you Amends;
 For this He sues, and by his restless Pen
 Importunes Your deaf Ears to Treat agen. 400
 Whilst the proud Faction scorning to go less,
 Return those Trait'rous Votes of *Non Address*,

Which follow'd were by th' Armies thundring
 To *Act without* and quite *against the King*.
 Yet when that Cloud remov'd, and the clear Light 405
 Drawn from His weighty Reasons, gave You sight
 Of Your own Dangers, had not Their Intents
 Retarded been by some cross Accidents;
 Which for a while with fortunate Suspence
 Check'd or diverted Their swoln Insolence: 410
 When the whole Kingdom for a *Treaty* cry'd,
 Which gave such credit to Your falling side,
 That you *Recall'd those Votes*, and God once more
 Your Power to save the Kingdome did restore?
 Remember how Your peevish Treators sate, 415
 Not to make *Peace*, but to prolong Debate;
 How You that precious time at first delay'd,
 And what ill use of Your advantage made,
 As if from Your foul Hands God had decreed
 Nothing but War and Mischief should succeed. 420
 For when by easy Grants the Kings Assent
 Did your Desires in greater things prevent,
 When He did yield faster than You intreat,
 And more than Modesty dares well repeat;
 Yet not content with this, without all sense 425
 Or of *His Honour* or *His Conscience*,
 Still you prest on, till you too late descry'd,
 'Twas now less safe to stay than be deny'd.
 For like a Flood broke loose the Armed Rout,
 Then Shut Him closer up, And Shut You out, 430
 Who by just Vengeance are since Worried
 By those Hand-wolves You for His Ruine bred.

Thus like *Two smoaking Firebrands*, You and They
 Have in this Smother choak'd the Kingdom's Day:
 And as you rais'd Them first, must share the Guilt, 435
 With all the Blood in those Distractions spilt.
 For though with *Sampson's* Foxes backward turn'd,
 (When he *Philistia's* fruitfull Harvest burn'd)
 The face of your Opinions stands averse,
 All your Conclusions but one Fire disperse; 440
 And every Line which carries your Designs,
 In the same Centre of Confusion joyns.
 Though then the *Independants* end the Work,
 'Tis known they took their Platform from the *Kirk*;
 Though *Pilate Bradshaw* with his pack of Jews, 445
 God's High Vice-gerent at the Bar accuse;
 They but reviv'd the Evidence and Charge,
 Your poy'snous Declarations laid at large;
 Though they Condemn'd or made his Life their Spoil,
 You were the Setters forc'd him to the Toil: 450
 For you whose fatal hand the Warrant writ,
 The Prisoner did for Execution fit;
 And if their Ax invade the Regal Throat,
 Remember you first Murther'd Him by Vote.
 Thus they receive your Tennis at the bound, 455
 Take off that Head which you had first Un-crown'd;
 Which shews the Texture of our Mischiefs Clew,
 If Ravell'd to the Top, begins in You,
 Who have for ever stain'd the brave Intent
 And Credit of our *English* Parliaments: 460
 And in this One caus'd greater Ills, and more,
 Than all of theirs did Good that went before.

all declar'd, that They never understood
the Rules either of humanity or Honour.

And as they us'd the *Cabinet*, so did
they that Incomparable Jewel found in
it too, *Our Blessed Kings Portraiture*,
Which those infamous Raylous, whom
the Proud Faction kept in pay, went a-
bout to persuade the world was none
of *Him*. Did not the Papers, all writ by
his own hand, refute that Libel, Look
upon the Matter, and you may Conclude,
none but the *Heart of a King Enlarg'd*
by *God* could *Indite It*; And if you con-
sider the Style, *Loquela prædit*, No Pen
I ever knew, either then, or since, but *His*
own, could write it.

One of them, and indeed the most
Malicious in the Pack, who calls him-
self *Ironclaister*, so shamelessly rails,
That as *St. Paul* said to *Simon Magus*, so
might I to him, *Thou art in the Gall of*
Bitterness: And as the Apostle charged
Elymas the Sorcerer for *Mischief* and per-
verting the *Truth*; so it is very memorable
This Wretch had the fate of *Elymas*,
Struck with Blindness to his Death.

There

A. 2. 8. 27.

A. 1. 3. 10.

There is mention'd in the Prophet
Scripturae Ezekie; *The writing of Hea-*
kebs: What this was I will not dispute,
But sure I am, *Our Hezekiah* hath left the
written Account of *His Solitude and suf-*
ferings upon to firm a Record, that the
Incomparable Author needs no Monu-
ment but his Book. That is in *Nazian-*
zen's Phrase *actio eorum*, a Living column.

Nor needs he any sheet of Lead to en-
wrap *Him*: His own precious Sheets
will preserve *Him*, And cause admiring
Posterity to look upon *Him* as a *Second*
Ecclesiastes, sadly preaching to the world
the Misery of Mankind, and the vanity
of all humane Glories, verily'd in the
Greatest of Men, and in the Best of Princes.

If the Loss of so Excellent a Person as
this may justly raise our Lamentation:
The Manner and Circumstance which
brought *Him* to *His End* must needs en-
crease it.

To parallel which unhappy Passages, I
never found any History Divine or Hu-
mane, excepting only the History of *His*
Great Masters suffering under the Jews.

In

E 2

Yet have You kept your word against Your will,
 Your King is *Great* indeed and *Glorious* still,
 And You have *made* Him so. We must impute 465
 That Lustre which His Sufferings contribute
 To your preposterous Wisdoms, who have done
 All your good Deeds by Contradiction:
 For as to work His Peace you rais'd this Strife,
 And often *Shot at Him to Save His Life;* 470
 As you took from Him to Encrease His wealth,
 And kept Him Pris'ner to secure His Health;
 So in revenge of your dissembled Spight,
 In this last Wrong you did Him greatest Right,
 And (cross to all You meant) by Plucking down 475
 Lifted Him up to His *Eternal Crown*.

With this Encircled in that radiant Sphear,
 Where thy black Murtherers must ne'r appear;
 Thou from th'enthroned Martyrs Blood-stain'd Line,
 Dost in thy Virtues bright Example shine. 480
 And when thy Darted Beam from the moist Sky
 Nightly salutes thy grieving Peoples Eye,
 Thou like some Warning Light rais'd by our fears,
 Shalt both provoke and still supply our Tears,
 Till the *Great Prophet* wak'd from his long Sleep, 485
 Again bids *Sion* for *Josiah* weep:
 That all Successions by a *firm Decree*
 May teach their Children to Lament for Thee.

Beyond these Mournfull Rites there is no Art
 Or Cost can *Thee* preserve. Thy better Part 490
 Lives in despite of Death, and will endure
 Kept safe in thy Unpattern'd *Portraicture*:

Which though in Paper drawn by thine own Hand,
 Shall longer than *Corinthian-Marble* stand,
 Or Iron Sculptures: There thy matchless Pen 495
 Speaks Thee the *Best of Kings* as *Best of Men*:
 Be this Thy *Epitaph*; for This alone
 Deserves to carry Thy Inscription.
 And 'tis but modest Truth: (so may I thrive
 As not to please the Best of thine Alive, 500
 Or flatter my *Dead Master*, here would I
 Pay my last Duty in a Glorious Lye)
 In that *Admired Piece* the World may read
 Thy Virtues and Misfortunes Storied;
 Which bear such curious Mixture, Men must doubt 505
 Whether Thou *Wiser* wert or *more Devout*.
 There live Blest Relick of a Saint-like mind,
 With Honours endless, as Thy Peace, Enshrin'd;
 Whilst we, divided by that Bloody Cloud,
 Whose purple Mists Thy Murther'd Body shroud, 510
 Here stay behind at gaze: Apt for Thy sake
 Unruly murmurs now 'gainst Heav'n, to make,
 Which binds us to Live well, yet gives no Fence
 To Guard her dearest Sons from Violence.
 But He whose Trump proclaims, *Revenge is mine*, 515
 Bids us our Sorrow by our Hope confine,
 And reconcile our *Reason* to our *Faith*,
 Which in thy Ruine such Conclusions hath;
 It dares Conclude, God does not keep His Word
 If *Zimri* dye in Peace that slew his Lord. 520

From my sad Retirement

March 11. 1648.

CaroLUs stUart reX an-
gLIæ seCUre CoesUs

VIta CessIt trICessIMo
IanUarII.

ELEGIES.

In that *Admired Piece* the World may read
Thy Virtues and Misfortunes Storied ;
Which bear such curious Mixture, Men must doubt
Whether Thou *wiser* wert or *more Devout*.

There live Blest Relick of a Saint-like mind,
With Honours endless, as Thy Peace, Enshrin'd ;
Whilst we, divided by that Bloody Cloud,
Whose purple Mists Thy Murther'd Body shroud,
Here stay behind at gaze : Apt for Thy sake
Unruly murmurs now 'gainst Heav'n to make,
Which binds us to Live well, yet gives no Fence
To Guard her dearest Sons from Violence.
But He whose Trump proclaims, *Revenge is mine*;
Bids us our Sorrow by our Hope confine,
And reconcile our *Reason* to our *Faith*,
Which in thy Ruine such Conclusions hath ;
It dares Conclude, God does not keep His Word
If *Zimri* dye in Peace that *slew his Lord*.

From my sad Retirement

March II. 1648.

CAROLUS STUART REX AN-
GLIÆ SECURE COESUS

VITA CESSIT TRICESIMO
IANUARII.

(Facsimile of the colophon in the editio princeps.)

A
DEEPE GROANE
FETCH'D

At the FUNERALL of that incomparable and Glorious
Monarch,

CHARLES THE FIRST,
King of Great Britaine, France
and Ireland, &c.

On whose Sacred Person was acted that execrable, horrid & prodigious Murther, by a trayterous Crew and bloody Combination at *Westminster*
January the 30. 1648.

. . . . Heu fausta Britannia quondam
Tota peris ea morte sua, Mors non fuit ejus
Sed tua, non una haec, sed publica mortis imago.

Written by D. H. K.

(Device.)

Printed in the Yeare, M. DC. XL. IX.

A DEEP GROANE, &c.

To speak our Griefes at full over thy Tombe
(Great Soul) we should be Thunder-struck and dumbe:
The triviall Off'rings of our bubling eyes
Are but faire Libels at such Obsequies.
When Grief bleeds inward, not to sense, 'tis deepe; 5
W'have lost so much, that t'were a sinne to weep.
The wretched Bankrupt counts not up his summes,
When his inevitable ruine comes:
Our losse is finite when we can compute;
But that strike speechlesse, which is past recruite. 10
W'are sunk to sense; and on the Ruine gaze,
As on a curled Commets frie blaze:
As Earth-quakes fright us, when the teeming earth
Rends ope her bowels for a fatall birth;
As Inundations seize our trembling eyes; 15
Whose rowling billows over Kingdomes rise.
Alas! our Ruines are cast up, and sped
In that black Totall—*Charles* is Murthered.
Rebellious Gyant hands have broak that Pole,
On which our Orbe did long in Glory roule. 20
That *Roman Monsters* wish in act we see
Three Kingdomes necks have felt the Axe in Thee,
The Butcherie is such, as when by *Caine*,
The fourth Devision of the world was slaine.
The mangled Church is on the shambles lay'd, 25
Her Massacre is on thy Block display'd,
Thine is thy peoples epidemick Tombe,
Thy Sacrifice a Num'rous *Hecatombe*.

- The Powder-mine's now fir'd ; we were not freed,
But respited by Traytours thus to bleed. 30
Novembers plots are brew'd and broach'd in worse,
And *January* now compleats the Curse.
Our Lives, Estates, Lawes, and Religion, All
Lie crush'd, and gashing in this dismall fall.
Accursed day that blotted'st out our Light! 35
May'st thou be ever muffled up in Night.
At thy returne may sables hang the skie ;
And teares, not beames, distill from Heavens Eye.
Curs'd be that smile that guildes a Face on thee,
The Mother of prodigious Villanie. 40
Let not a breath be wafted, but in moanes ;
And all our words be but articulate groanes.
May all thy *Rubrick* be this dismall Brand ;
Now comes the miscreant Doomes-day of the Land.
Good-Friday wretchedly transcrib'd ; and such 45
As Horror brings alike, though not so much.
May Dread still fill thy minutes, and we sit
Frighted to think, what others durst commit.
A Fact that copies Angels when they fell,
And justly might create another Hell. 50
Above the scale of Crimes ; Treason sublim'd,
That cannot by a parallel be rim'd.
Raviliack's was but under-graduate sinne,
And *Goury* here a Pupill Assassin
Infidell wickednesse, without the *Pale* ; 55
Yet such as justifies the Canniball.
Ryot Apochyphall of Legend breed ;
Above the Canon of a Jesuites Creed.

Spirits of witch-craft; quintessential guilt;
Hels pyramid; another *Babell* built. 60
Monstrous in bulke; above our *Fancies* span;
A *Bèhemoth*; a Crime *Leviathan*.
So desperately damnable, that here
Ev'n *Wild* smels Treason, and will not appeare.
That Murdering-peece of the new Tyrant-State, 65
By whom't hath Shot black Destinies of late;
He that belched forth the Loyall *Burleigh's* doome,
Recoyles at this so dreadful Martyrdome.
What depth of Terrour lies in that Offence,
That thus can grind a seared Conscience? 70
Hellish Complotment! which a League renewes,
Lesse with the men, then th'Actions of the Jewes.
Such was their Bedlane Rabble, and the Cry
Of *Justice* now, 'mongst them was *Crucifie*:
Pilates Consent is *Bradshawes* Sentence here; 75
The *Judgement-hall's* remov'd to *Westminster*.
Hayle to the Reeden Scepture the Head, and knee
Act o're againe that Cursed Pageantrie.
The Caitiffe crew in solemn pompe guard on
Mock'd Majestie as not to th'Block, but Throne, 80
The Belch agrees of those envenom'd Lyes;
There a Blasphemer, here a Murd'rer dyes.
If that go first in horror, this comes next,
A pregnant Comment on that gastly Text.
The Heav'ns ne're saw, but in that Tragick howre, 85
Slaughter'd so great an *Innocence, and Power*.

Bloud-thirsty Tygers! could no streame suffice
T'allay that Hell within your Breasts but this?

Must you needs swill in *Cleopatra's* Cup,
 And drink the price of Kingdomes in a sup? 90
 Cisterns of Loyalty have deeply bled,
 And now y'have damm'd the Royall Fountaine Head,
 Cruell *Phlebotomie!* at once to draine
 The *Median*, and the rich *Basilick* veine:
 The tinctures great that popular murther brings, 95
 'Tis scarlet deep, that's dy'd in bloud of Kings.
 But what! could *Israel* find no other way
 To their wish'd *Canaan* than through the Red Sea?
 Must God have here his deading Fire and Cloud,
 And he be th' Guide to this outrageous Crowd? 100
 Shall the black *Conclave* counterfeit his hand,
 And superscribe their Guilt, *Divine Command?*
 Doth th'ugly Fiend usurpe a Saint-like grace?
 And Holy-water wash the Devils face!
 Shall Dagon's Temple the mock'd *Arke* inclose? 105
 Can *Esau's* hands agree with *Jacob's* voyce?
 Must *Molech's* Fire now on the Altar burne?
 And *Abel's* bloud to Expiation turne?
 Is Righteousnesse so lewd a Bawd? and can
 The *Bibles* Cover serve the *Alcoran?* 110
 Thus when Hel's meant, Religion's bid to shine
 As *Faux* his Lanterne lights him to his *Mine*.
 Here, here is sins *non ultra*, when one Lie
 Kils this, and stabs at *Majestie*.
 And though his sleepe Arme suspend the scourge, 115
 Nor doth loud Bloud in winged Vengeance urge,
 Though the soft houres a while in pleasures flie,
 And conquering Treason sing her Lullabie.

The guilt at length in fury he'l inroule
 With barbed Arrows on the trayt'rous Soule. 120
 Time may be when that *John-à-Leyden* King
 His Quarters to this Tombe an Offring bring,
 And that *Be-Munster'd* Rabble may have eyes
 To read the Price of their deare Butcheries.
 Yet if just Providence reprieve the Fate, 125
 The Judgment will be deeper, though't be late.
 And After-times shall feel the curse enhanc'd,
 But how much They've the Sinne bequeath'd, advanc'd.
 Meane time (most blessed shade) the Loyall Eye
 Shall pay her Tribute to thy Memorie, 130
 Thy *Aromatick* Name shall feast our sense,
 'Bove *balmie Spiknard's* fragrant Redolence,
 Whilst on thy loathsome Murderers shall dwell
 A plague-sore, blayne, and rotten ulcers smell.
Wonder of Men and Goodnesse! stamp'd to be 135
 The Pride, and Flourish of all Historie.
 Thou hast undone the Annals, and engross'd
 All th'*Heroes* Glory which the Earth e're lost.
 Thy Priviledge 'tis onely to commence
Laureate in Sufferings, and in Patience. 140
 Thy wrongs were 'bove all sweetnesse to digest;
 And yet thy sweetnesse conquer'd the sharp test:
 Both so immense, and infinitely vast,
 The first could not be reach'd, but by the last.
 Meane Massacres are but in death begun 145
 But Thou hast Liv'd an Execution.
 Close coffin'd up in a deceased Life;
 Had Orphan-Children, and a Widow-Wife.

Friends not t'approach, or comfort, but to mourne
 And weep their unheard plaints, as at thy urne? 150
 Such black Attendants Colonied thy Cell,
 But for thy Presence, *Car'sbrooke* had been Hell.
 Thus basely to be Dungeon'd would enrage
 Great *Bajazet* beyond an Iron Cage.
 That deep indignity might have layne 155
 Something the lighter from a *Tamerlaine*.
 But here *Sidonian* Slaves usurp the Reines,
 And lock the Scepter-bearing Armes in chaines.
 The spew'd-up surfeit of the glut'nous Land;
 Honour'd by scorne, and cleane beneath all brand. 160
 For such a Varlet-Brood to teare all downe,
 And make a common Foot-ball of the Crowne.
 T'insult on wounded Majesty, and broach,
 The bloud of Honour by their vile reproach.
 What royall eye but thine could sober see, 165
 Bowing so low, yet bearing up so high?
 What an unbroken sweetness grac'd thy Soule,
 Beyond the world, proud conquest, or controule?
 Maugre grim cruelty, thou keepst thy hold;
 Thy thornie Crowne was still a Crown of Gold. 170
 Chast Honour, Might enrag'd could ne're defloure,
 Though others th'Use, Thou claim'dst the Right of
 (Power.
 The *brave Athenian* thus (with lopp'd-off Hands)
 A stop to swelling sayles by's mouth commands.
 New Vigour rouz'd Thee still in thy Embroyles, 175
Antaeus-like, recruiting from the Foyles.

Victorious fury could not terrour bring,
 Enough to quell a captivated King.
 So did that *Roman Miracle* withstand
Hetrurian shoales, but with a single hand. 180
 The Church in thee had still her Armies; thus
 The World once fought with *Athanasius*.
 The Gantlet thus upheld; It is decreed,
 (No safety else for Treason) *Charles* must bleed.
 Traytor and Sovereigne now inverted meet; 185
 The wealthy Olive's dragg'd to th' Brambles feet.
 The Throne is metamorphiz'd to the Barre,
 And despicable Batts the Eagles dare.
 Astonishment! yet still we must admire
 Thy courage growing with thy conflicts high'r. 190
 No palsied hands or trembling knees betray
 That Cause, on which thy souls sure bottom'd lay.
 So free and undisturbed flew thy Breath,
 Not as condemned but purchasing a death.
 Those early Martys in their funerall pile, 195
 Embrac'd their Flames with such a quiet smile.
 Brave *Coeur-de-Lyon* Soule, that would'st not vayle
 In one base syllable to beg thy Bayle!
 How didst thou blush to live at such a price,
 As ask'd thy People for a sacrifice? 200
 Th'*Athenian Prince* in such a pitch of zeale,
 Redeem'd his destin'd Hoast, and Common-weale;
 Who brib'd his cheated Enemies to kill,
 And both their Conquest, and their Conquerour fell.
 Thus thou our Martyr died'st: but oh! we stand 205
 A ransome for another *Charles* his Hand.

One that will write thy Chronicle in Red,
 And dip his Pen in what thy Foes have bled.
 Shall Treas'nous Heads in purpule Caldrons drench,
 And with such veins the Flames of Kingdomes quench.
 Then thou art least at *Westminster*, shall't be 211
 Fil'd in the Pompous List of Majestie.
 Thy *Mausalæum* shall in glory rise,
 And Teares, and wonder force from Nephews Eyes.
 Till when (though black-mouth'd Miscreants engrave)
 No Epitaph, but Tyrant, on thy Grave. 216
 A Vault of Loyalty shall keep thy Name,
 An Orient, and bright *Olibian* flame
 On which, when times succeeding foot shall tread,
 Such Characters as these shall there be read. 220
 Here *CHARLES* the best of Monarchs, butcher'd
 The Glory of all Martyrologies. (lies;
 Bulwark of Law; the Churches Cittadell;
 In whom they triumph'd once, with whom they fell:
 An English *Salomon*, a *Constantine*; 225
 Pandect of Knowledge, Humane and Divine.
 Meek even to wonder, yet of stoutest Grace,
 To sweeten Majesty, but not debase.
 So whole made up of clemency, the Throne
 And Mercy-seat to Him were alwayes one. 230
 Inviting Treason with a pardoning look,
 Instead of Gratitude, a stab He took.
 With passion lov'd; that when He murd'ed lay,
 Heav'n conquered seem'd, and Hell to bear the sway.
 A Prince so richly good, so blest a Reigne, 235
 The world ne're saw but once, nor can againe.

. . . . *Humano generi Natura benigni*
Nil dedit, aut tribuet moderato hoc principe major
In quo vera dei, vivénsque eluxit imago:
Hunc quoniam scelerata cohors violavit, acerbas 240
Sacrilego Deus ipse petet de Sanguine poenas
Contemptúmque sin Simulachri haud linquet
(inultum.

Parodia ex Buchanani Geneth: Jacobi sexti.

FINIS.

EPIGRAM

Quid faciant Leges, vbi sola pecunia regnat? &c.
Petron. Arbit.

To what serue Lawes, where only Money reignes?
Or where a poore mans cause no right obtaines?
Even those that most austerity præ tend,
Hire out their Tongues, and wordes for profit lend.
What's Judgment then, but publick merchandize? 5
And the Court sits, but to allow the price.

EPIGRAM

Casta suo gladium cum traderet Arria Paeto, &c.
Martial.

When Arria to hir Paetus had bequeath'd
The sword in hir chast bosome newly sheath'd;
Trust mee (qth shee) My owne wound feeles no smart;
'Tis thine (My Paetus) grieues and kills my heart.

EPIGRAM

Qui Pelago credit, magno se faenore tollit, &c.

Petron. Arbit.

He whose advent'rous keele ploughes ye rough Seas,
Takes Interest of Fate for wealthes encrease.
He that in Battaile trafficks, and pitch't Fieldes,
Reapes wth his Sword rich Harvests, wch warre yeelds.
Base parasites repose their drunken heads, 5
Laden wth Sleep and wine, on Tyrian beds;
And he that meltes in Lustes adult'rous fire,
Gets both reward and pleasure for his hire.
But Learning only, midd'st this wanton heat,
Hath (saue it self) nothing to weare or eat; 10
Faintly exclaiming on the looser Times,
That value Wit and Artes below their Crimes.

EPIGRAM

Pro captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli.

The fate of Bookes is diverse as mans Sense:
Two Criticks ne're shar'd one intelligence.

ADDITIONAL POEMS
HITHERTO UNPRINTED.

Upon ye untimely death of J. K. first borne of HK.

Blessed Spirit, thy Infant breath
Fitter for the Quire of Saints
Than for Mortalls here beneath,
Warbles Joyes; but mine Complaints:
Plaints that spring from that great Losse 5
Of thy Litle Self, sad crosse.

Yet doe I still repair thee by desire
Wch warmes my benuĩb sense, but like false fire.

But wth such delusive Shapes
Still my pensive thoughts are eas'd. 10
As Birds bating att mocke-grapes
Are wth empty errour pleas'd.

Yet I erre not: for decay
Hath but seis'd thy House of clay
For loo the lively Image of each part 15
Makes deep impression on my waxy heart.

Thus learn I to possess the thing I want;
Having great store of thee, & yet great scant.
O, lett mee thus recall thee, nor repine,
Since what is thy Fate now, must once bee mine. 20

*To one that demaunded
why the wine sparkles.*

Wee doe not give the wine a sparkling name
As if wee meant those sparkes employ'd a flame;
The flame lyes in our bloud: And tis desire
Fed by loose appetite settis us on fire.

[Then follow the last four lines of the printed version;
i.e., sup. p. 40, lines 13-16.]

*To a Lady that sent mee a
Coppie of Verses at my going to Bed.*

Doubtlesse the Thespian Spring doth overflow
His Learned bank: Else how should Ladyes grow
Such Poets? as to court th'unknowing time
In verse, & entertaine their Friends in Rhime.
Or you some Sybill are, sent to unty 5
The knotty Riddles of all Poetry;
Whilst your smooth Numbers such perfections tell,
As prove your self a Moderne Oracle.

[Then follow the last ten lines of the printed version;
i.e., sup. p. 20, lines 13-16, p. 21, lines 1-6.]

EPIGRAM

*Nolo quod cupio statim tenere;
Nec victoria mi placet parata. Petron: Arb:*

I would not in my Love too soone prevaile:
An easy Conquest makes the purchase stale.

DOUBTFUL POEMS.

A Contemplation upon Flowers:

Brave flowers, that I could gallant it like you
and be as little vaine,
you come abroad, and make a harmelesse shew,
and to your bedds of Earth againe;
you are not proud, you know your birth 5
for your Embroiderd garments are from Earth:

You doe obey your moneths, and times, but I
would have it ever springe,
my fate would know noe winter, never dye 10
nor thinke of such a thing;
Oh that I could my bed of Earth but view
and Smile, and looke as chearefully as you:

Oh teach me to see death, and not to feare
but rather to take truce;
how often have I seene you at a Beere, 15
and there looke fresh and spruce;
you fragrant flowers then teach me that my breath
Like yours may sweeten, and perfume my death.

[THE COMPLAINT]

Fond, haples man, lost in thy vain desire;
 Thy lost desire,
 May now retire.
 Shee, like a salamander, in thy Flame,
 Sports with Loves Name; 5
 And, lives ye same,
 Vncingd, impenetrably cold.
 Sure, careles Boy, thou slepst: and Death instead
 Of thine, convey'd
 His Dart of Lead. 10
 This thou unluckily att hir hast sent;
 Who now is bent
 Not to relent,
 Though thou spend all thy shafts of Gold.
 I prethee filch another Fatall Dart: 15
 And peirce my Heart,
 To ease this smart.
 Strike all my senses dull. Thy Force deuoures
 Mee, & my Powers,
 In tædious Houres; 20
 And thy iniustice Ile proclame
 Or vse some Art to cause hir Heat returne;
 Or whilst I burne,
 Make hir my Vrne.
 Where I may bury in a Marble chest, 25
 All my Vnrest.
 Thus hir cold Brest,
 Yf it but lodge, will quench, my Flame.

[*On his Shaddow:*]

Come, my Shaddow, constant, true,
Stay & doe not fly mee:
When I court thee, or would sue,
Thou wilt not denie mee.
Fæmale Loves I find unkind, 5
And devoyde of Pittie;
Therefore I have chang'd my mind,
And to thee frame this dittie.
Child of my Bodie, & that Flame
From whence our Light were borrow; 10
Thou continuest still the same
In my Joy, or Sorrow.
Though thou lov'st the Sunshine best
Or enlighten'd places,
Yet thou doest not flye, but rest, 15
'Midst my black disgraces.
Thou would'st have all Happy Dayes
When thou art approaching:
No Cloud, nor Night do diſme bright rayes
By their sad encroching. 20
Let but glimmering Lights appear
To banish Night's obscuring;
Thou wilt shew thou harbour'd'st nere
By my side enduring.
And when thou art forc't away 25
By ye sun's declining,
Thy Length is doubled, to repay,
Thy Absence, whilst hee's shining.

As I flatter not thee Fair, So thou art not Fading.	30
Age nor sicknes, can impair Thy Hue, by feirce invading.	
Lett ye purest varnish't Clay Art can shew, or Nature,	
Veiw the Shades they cast; & they Grow duskish like thy Fæture.	35
'Tis thy Truth I most coñend; That thou art not fleeting.	
For as I embrace my Freind, So thou giv'st him greeting.	40
Yf I strike, or keep ye peace, So thou seem'st to threaten,	
And single blowes by thy increase Leave my Foe double beaten.	
As thou find'st mee walke, or sitt, Standing, or downe lying,	45
Thou doest all my postures hitt, Most Apish in thy prying.	
When our Actions so consent, (Expressions dumb, but locall,)	50
Words are needles Complement, Else I could wish thee vocall	
Hadst thou but a soul, wth sense And Reason sympathising	
Earth could match, nor heav'n dispense A Mate so farr enticing.	55
Nay, when bedded in ye Dust 'Mongst shades I have my biding,	

Tapers can see thy Posthume trust
 Within my vault residing. 60
 Had heav'n so plyant Women made,
 Or thou their Souls couldst marry
 I'd soone resolve to wedd my shade,
 This Love would ne'r miscarry.
 But they thy Lightnes onely share; 65
 Yf shunn'd, the more they follow:
 And to Pursuers peevish are
 As Daphne to Apollo.
 Yet this experience Thou hast taught:
 A Shee-Freind, and an Honour, 70
 Like thee; nor That, nor Shee, is caught
 Vnles I fall vpon hir.

*Wishes to my sonne John, for this new,
 and all succeeding yeares: Jan. 1. 1630:*

If wishes may enrich my Boy,
 my Jack, that art thy fathers Joy,
 they shall be showr'd upon thy head
 as thick as manna, Angells bread;
 And bread I wish thee, this short word 5
 will furnish both thy backe, and boord;
 not fortunatus purse, or Capp,
 nor danaes gold-replenisht Lapp
 can more supply thee; but content
 is a large patrimony, sent 10
 from him who did thy soule infuse,
 maist thou this best endowment use

in any state; Thy structure is
 I see compleate; A frontispice
 promising faire; may it nere bee 15
 Like Jesuites volumes, where we see
 Vertues, and Saints adorne the front,
 doctrines of deuills follow on't:
 may a pure soule inhabite still
 this, well mixt clay; and a streight will 20
 By act by Reason, that by grace;
 May Gemmes of price maintaine their place
 in such a Caskett: For that list
 Chast Turkois, sober Amethist,
 that sacred breast plate still surround. 25
 Urim, and Thummim be there found,
 which for thy wearing I designe
 that in thee Kinge and priest may Joyne:
 As 'twas thy Grandsires choice, and mine
 maist thou attaine John the diuine 30
 chiefe of thy Titles; though Contempt
 now brand the Clergie; bee exempt
 I euer wish thee, from each vice
 that may that Calling scandalize:
 Let not thy tongue with court oyle flow, 35
 nor Supple Language lay thee low
 for thy preferment; make Gods cause
 thy pulpits taske, not thine applause;
 maist thou both preach by Line, and life;
 That thou liue well and Chaste, a Wife 40
 I wish thee, such as is thy Sires,
 a lawfull helpe 'gainst lustfull fires;

And though promotions often frowne
on marryed browes, yet lye not downe
in single bawdry; impure monkes 45
that banish wedlock, license punkes;
Peace I doe wish thee from those warres
which Gowne-men talke out at the Barres
some times a yeare; I wish thee peace
of Conscience, Country, and encrease 50
in all that best of men commends,
favour with God, good men thy friends;
Last, for a lasting legacy
I this bequeath, when thou shalt dye
Heauens monarch blesse mine eyes, to see 55
my wishes crowned, in crowning thee.

[*In obitum sanctissimi viri Di. Dris. Spenseri*
G: G: G: nuper Praesidis et spectatissimi
sui amici

ELEGUS.]

If this tru sorrow counted be with fatall *Cypresse*
bowes
Or palish twiggs of *poplar tree* to binde our mourne-
full browes
Or to transforme to direfull shapes our variable
lookes
Or moisten dry and witherd cheakes with wett and
weeping brookes

What store of dropps, what show'rs of teares should 5
 flow then from mine eyes
 What fun'rall rites then should I pay to thy sad
 exequies.
 But plaininge words, and bablinge greafe do nought
 prevaile at all
 They ill befitt both my small quill, and thy greate
 funerall
 For who so doth lament thy death or straine a faigned
 crie
 Or on the earth doth grovelinge looke, with a downe 10
 fixed eye
 He rather doth expresse his greafe, showinge how't
 should be done
 Then feel't himselfe. *It's not one thinge to babble*
 much; and mone.
 Nor weeps he wch with sobbrie blurrs his paper white
 bismearas
 For they are more *Rhetoricall*, then tru affected teares
 Lett those mourne so, who often vse such solemne 15
 rites to keep
 Who by sett methode can lament, who by their *Art*
 can weepe.
 Or who with common vulgare greafe deplore on thy
 sad grave
 Or not that du doe render thee wch thy deserts doe
 crave
 I loath such meanes by wch most men their sorrowes
 doe bewray

To vente my greafe I must finde out a more effectuall 20
way

Ile therefore elevate my heart, vpp to mine *Optick*
Spheares

And theare dissolve it into sighs, and melt it into
teares

And sinc I can noe greater debts pay to thy mourne-
full hearse

Lett it suffice to decke the same, with a teare-stillinge
vearse

Or else I'le smother vpp my greafe within my seacrete 25
breast

For I a wittness to my teares abhorre and eke detest.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

The MSS. referred to in the Notes to the present edition are in very few cases from Henry King's own hand. They are for the most part simply "commonplace books," albums of verse, or casual stray collections, which possess critical value only because of the peculiar publishing conditions or customs in this period. Much more important than these codices, however, which are mere haphazard copying or jotting down of single poems by many different poets, the scribes never being named and the authors seldom so, are the "MS. volumes" devoted to the work of a single writer,—carefully written compilations which were circulated before the author or some piratical publisher printed his collected effusions. One such "MS. volume" of Henry King's poems is in the Bodleian Library and has been collated for this edition; another, which has since disappeared, was collated by Hannah; and there are traces of two more.

Aside from certain poems contributed to "Jonsonus Virbius," Sandys' "Paraphrase," "The Swedish Intelligencer," and the first edition of Donne's poems, Henry King's first published English poems were his two Elegies on King Charles I, dated 1649. The first of these (137-155, sup.) was subsequently reprinted and bound up with the other additional Elegies in the 1664 re-issue of his collected poems. The second (pp. 157-167, sup.), twice reprinted in 1649, is here for the first time restored to its place among his collected poems.

King's volume of poems appeared first in 1657, in circumstances best explained by the printer-publishers themselves in their Preface reprinted on pages 9-11, sup. The unsold copies of this edition were re-issued in 1664, with a slightly different title-page reproduced in facsimile on p. 7, sup. Finally, the remaining copies were again re-issued in 1700, with a new variant of the title-page now bearing the preposterous ascription of the whole volume to "Ben Johnson."

Selected "Poems and Psalms by Henry King D D" appeared in 1843, edited by Rev. J. Hannah and published by William Pickering, London.

Smaller selections, without annotation, are T. B. Mosher's in "The Bibelot," Portland, Maine, for March, 1897, and J. R. Tutin's in No. V of "The Orinda Booklets," Cottingham near Hull, England, 1904.

For the sake of completeness, it may be stated further that King's "The Psalms of David from the New Translation of the Bible, Turned into Meter," was published first in 1651; re-issued, with a few additions, in 1654; republished in a genuine second edition, in 1671; and finally included in part (to the extent of fifteen Psalms and four Hymns or Prayers) in Playford's "Psalms & Hymns in Solemn Musick," 1671.

His published sermons appeared singly for the most part, in the years 1621, 1625, 1626, 1627 (two bound together), 1628 (eleven bound together; 2d ed., 1634), 1640, 1661 (2d ed., 1713), 1662, 1663, and 1665. To these theological writings must be added the brief "Articles" of his "first Episcopal Visitation," 1662.

His Latin and Greek Verse, and some of his Letters, appeared or have since been published scatteringly in various places calling for more detailed mention than can be vouchsafed in the present brief summary. (For complete Bibliography, cf. "Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences," vol. xviii, 260-289; Yale University Press, 1913.)

NOTES

Upon a Table-Book.

- 14, 1 "Table-book": book of tables or tablets, i.e., blank pages.

The Farewell.

- 15, 1 The authorship of a very similar piece is discussed in a note, p. 226 (3), inf. The Latin motto was apparently taken from Sidney's sonnet beginning "Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust," for no other occurrence of the sentence has been noticed.

- 15, 4, 5 Malone MS. 22, fol. 13v., reads as follows:

To dote on those that lov'd not, & to fly
Love that woo'd mee. Goe, bane of my content,

- 16, 21, 22 *Ibid.*:

And for an Epitaph, the Rock shall groane
Eternally: if any ask the Stone

A Black-moor Maid and The Boyes Answer.

- 16, 17 These two pieces were exceedingly popular, if we may judge by the number of MSS. in which they appear, by the frequent handling of the same theme by other poets, and by the appearance of an anonymous third "stanza" in rejoinder (cf. Sloane MS. 1446, fol. 71v.). Thus numerous variations in detail naturally appear, the most important of which are the exchange of rôles, making the Boy the wooer, and the shortening of the last line in both "stanzas" from an alexandrine to a pentameter. Who "Hen. Rainolds" may have been does not appear. Wood mentions no one of this name. He may have been the author of "Mythomystes," with whom Drayton corresponded in verse. And several of the songs in Lawes' "Ayres and Dialogues," 1653 and 1655, are signed by this name, but "A Black-moor Maid" is not among them.

Sonnet: Go thou that vainly.

20, 4 "Slumber" is here a transitive verb, with "pain" as direct object.

Sonnet: Tell me you stars.

24, 1 In one MS., this piece is entitled "Love ill Requited," and line 10 begins: "Wch I suppose does in."

Sonnet: I Prethee.

25, 10 "Turnes": that sun which turns sooty (i.e., tans) the Indian.

Sonnet: Dry those fair.

25, 1 In one MS., this piece is entitled "To his discontented Mrs."

Sonnet: When I entreat.

26, 1 In the MSS., this piece is entitled "To a Faire Lady Weeping," or "To A discouraged Sutor."

To a Lady.

26, 1 For an earlier version of this piece, cf. p. 174, sup., and Note.

The Pink.

27, 1 In the *Editio Princeps* this emendation appears in the list of Errata printed on the last page of the original volume: "Page 2. The Pink never wrote by the Author of these Poems." The typographical and grammatical blunders do not enhance the critical authority of this statement, and it is controverted by several MS. ascriptions to King.

28, 19 The original list of Errata supplies a necessary emendation, concurred in by the MSS.: "aire" for "she."

To his Friends of Christ-Church.

- 28, 1 This special performance of Barton Holiday's "TEXNOFAMIA: or THE MARRIAGES OF THE ARTS," given at Woodstock before the King, August 26, 1621, occasioned an inter-university war of wits in which the capital and court did not disdain to join.
- 28, 3 George Ruggle's clever Macaronic satire, "Ignoramus," went through ten editions between 1630 and 1787. Its two performances before the King, at Cambridge, March 8 and May 13, 1615, provoked Oxford's attempt to achieve a similar success and at least share in the royal approbation and favor. Henry King's outspoken indignation and chagrin indicate the extent of Oxford's failure and disappointment.
- 28, 4 A hobby-horse figures in a broadly farcical passage in each play, but Ruggle's use of the device is certainly far more clever and amusing than Holiday's.
- 28, 11-14 Perhaps some light is here cast on the vexed question of Malvolio's Puritanism (cf. Furness' Variorum "Twelfth Night," pp. 397-402).

The Surrender.

- 29, 1 This piece is variously entitled in the MSS., "An Elegy," "A Farwell to his beloved Mistris," or "The mournfull partinge of Tow Lovers beinge caused by ye disproportion of estates," and line 14 sometimes reads: "And chaste embraces such as never brake."
- 29, 5-8 Headley ("Select Beauties," 1810, II, 96) calls attention to Pope's adaptation of these lines, in "Eloisa to Abelard," 8, 9.

The Legacy.

- 31, 19 "Cast ragge": cf. 36, 12.
- 32, 31, 32 A reference to the classical myth of Venus and Adonis.

NOTES

The Short Wooing.

- 33, 9-12 As love springs into existence at first sight or not at all, so judgment also should be delivered at first sight.

To his unconstant Friend.

- 36, 7 "Banes": representing MS. abbreviation of "bann(e)s."
36, 11 This misprint, "lad," appears in all the original printed copies, but is corrected in various MSS. to "lay'd" or "laid." Another MS. emendation is "had perisht" for "do perish," in line 16.
36, 12 Cf. 31, 19
36, 23-34 A strangely exact parallel is afforded by "Le Roman de la Rose," ed. 'Pierre Marteau,' Orleans, 1878, lines 17,261-8.
37, 59 Obviously, a reference to Ariosto, not to "As You Like It."

Madam Gabrina.

- 38, 1 Henry King is by no means the worst offender among the many versifiers who followed the unsavory lead of Horace (cf. line 8) and Martial in dealing with this theme. The Spanish motto, indicating the fashionable linguistic affectation of the day (cf. p. 82, line 43, sup.), signifies literally: "With a bad Woman the remedy (is) much ground in between."
38, 7 "Orpment": orpiment, auripigment, a yellow dye; trisulphide of arsenic.
39, 18 "Ember weeks," periods of fasting and abstention from flesh, would of course emphasize especially the industry of "Fishstreet."
39, 21 "Bulleins Bulwarke of defence against all Sicknesse, Sornes, and Woundes. . . . Gathered and practised from the moste worthie learned, both old and newe, to the greate comforte of mankinde." London, 1562, records on fol.

LXXXI the prevailing opinion as to the sanative value of the fox against "all Coldnesse, Palsey, and the contraxion of the sinewes, and trembling of the body."

- 40, 44 "Night-peece": cf. p. 88, 32. King's sermons supply illustrations: "But peradventure it was a night-piece, and not fit to be perused by every light. Well, then, apply their owne *Ignis fatuus* to it" (1621, p. 54). "If ever *Rest* were drawn to the life, 'tis in that most exact Night-peece, *Death*" (1627, p. 24).

The Defence.

- 40, 1 In the MSS. this piece is entitled, "A Lover to one yt misjudged his Mrs." The Spanish motto signifies: "Lovers think that others have unsound eyes"; the comma should be omitted, and the last two words printed as one.
- 40, 3 "Form": Latin "forma," beauty.
- 40, 12 Win my free suffrage, or gratify my free taste.

To One demanding.

- 41, 1 For an earlier version of this piece, cf. p. 174, sup., and Note.
- 42, 26 "Carthusian," a monk of this ascetic order; "Rechabite," cf. Jeremiah, XXXV.

On the birth of the Prince.

- 42, 1 Prince Charles, later King Charles II, is the subject of this piece. The astronomical allusions in 42, 10 and 44, 64 are explained by the title of some lines in Malone MS. 21, fol. 3: "On ye birth of Pr: Charles May 29, 1630 wñ a star appeared next day at noone, & an Eclipse of ye Sun the next day following." The various contemporaneous accounts differ irreconcilably as to the day and hour when these celestial portents were vouchsafed.

44, 47 The metre may readily be amended by adopting the reading inscribed in early MS. in one of the British Museum's copies of the original edition, 1664 re-issue: "But here with fate we dally," etc.

45, 67-72 May Charles I transfer his virtue to his son, by training, and thus the Prince may be crowned (with virtue) but not at the cost of Charles I's death.

On the King's return.

45, 1 Charles' expedition was by no means a wise or successful one (to receive the crown of Scotland, June 18, 1633); so King does well to avoid touching upon the political aspects of the event.

To the Queen at Oxford.

47, 1 Probably addressed to Queen Henrietta Maria, during her visit to Oxford in 1636; but the date cannot be definitely fixed.

On his Majesties Ship the Sovereign.

49, 1 Hannah (p. 209) cites Evelyn's Diary, under date of February 2, 1696, to show the dates of building and destruction: "The Royal Sovereign man of war was burnt at Chatham. It was built in 1637, and having given occasion to the levy of *Ship-money* was perhaps the cause of all the after-troubles to this day." This is an excessive imputation; but the building of the ship was a very unpopular and impolitic enterprise, and the various poetic eulogies could have aroused little applause outside of the court. Henry King again attempted to vindicate his royal master in his Anniversary Sermon, at Paul's, 1640, pp. 52, 53.

49, 3 "Blew": cf. Milton's "Comus," line 26.

49, 18 "Tires": broadsides, volleys; or perhaps for "tiers" or rows of guns, as suggested by the form, "Tyers," in which the word appears in Ashmole MS. 38, fol. 141, where the piece is entitled "On the Great shipp."

Epitaph on the Earl of Dorset.

- 50, 1 Richard Sackville, third Earl of Dorset, who died March 28, 1624, at the age of 35, is here lamented. This piece appeared in the 1647 edition of Bishop Corbet's "Poems," p. 51; but the evidence in favor of King's authorship is considerable. The Corbet version is incomplete and inferior; King had affiliations with Dorset through Donne, and through the elder Dorset's chancellorship at Oxford during Bishop John King's vice-chancellorship; Henry King's Will (quoted by Hannah, p. 179) shows that he was a "faithfully approved friend" of the Earl, for whom he "was engaged" to the extent of an unrepaid thousand pounds; and finally the poetic manner is decidedly Henry King's, and there are many close parallels between this piece and King's sermons and undoubted poems.

Elegy on his Wife's Death.

- 51, 1 Almost all the MSS. agree in amending this title thus: "The Exequy. To his Matchless never to be forgotten Freind."
- 51, 17 MS. reading: "To mee that mourne:"
- 52, 34 MS. reading: "Like a falne starr is fled & gone,"
- 53, 49 MS. reading: "n'ere more shall I"
- 53, 55 Wrongly punctuated; insert period after parenthesis, and capitalize "that."
- 53, 61 Insert comma after "her."
- 54, 83 MS. reading: "Good night, thou never more shalt wake"
- 54, 90 "Hallow" appears in all the original printed volumes of King's poems; yet all the editors and publishers since 1700 print "hollow," without giving explanation or authority. It happens that "hollow" is the form given in 9 early MS. versions; but the emendation is unnecessary, at best, for "The English Dialect Dictionary," ed. J. Wright, 1902, III, 34, shows that "hallow" was used to mean "hollow,

sunken," "in Sc. and various counties"; and furthermore, at worst, the emendation is a serious blunder, if Henry King intended to use the word "hallow" in its etymological sense, i.e., "holy."

- 55, 111-114 This is the quatrain which Poe accused Longfellow of plagiarizing in the fourth stanza of the "Psalm of Life." Cf. Poe's "Works," ed. Stedman and Woodberry, 1895, VI, 194.

Elegy on the Death of two of his Children.

- 57, 1 Thomas Goffe's elegy on the death of Henry King's wife (cf. "Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences," xviii, 236) shows that two sons had died before her; the "two children" here lamented, therefore, must have been Henry King's third and sixth born, little Anne and the fifth son. Only two of his children survived this bereavement, viz., John and Henry.

A Letter.

- 57, 1 It is impossible to identify the particular nobleman here addressed.
- 60, 61, 62 The period after "agree" should be omitted, and perhaps we should substitute an apostrophe before the "s" in "parts" for the comma after it.
- 60, 67 "Indent": sign a contract, pledge oneself.

An Acknowledgment.

- 62, 42 "Road": harbor, anchorage.

The Departure.

- 64, 6 "Largest": freest; i.e., (most) unhampered by poetic rules and restrictions.
- 65, 47 A poor line, metrically. The MSS. suggest no emendation.

Paradox: That it is best for a Young Maid.

- 67, 18 "Calenture": a tropical fever, or sun-stroke, characterized by delirium. The word was a recent importation from Spain.
- 68, 46 "Drill": a rill or small stream.
- 68, 47 "Floated": flooded.
- 68, 57 "Fontinells": etymologically, the diminutive of fountain; this sense is quibblingly intended here, in combination with the medical meaning, discharge or issue.
- 68, 69ff "Erra-Pater," the corrupt form of an ancient Jewish astrologer's name, eminent but legendary, came at last to mean simply an almanac. As late as 1683 the almanacs were also astrological "prognostications"; King here borrows their absurd terminology.

Paradox: That Fruition destroys Love.

- 69, 4 A quibble on "Act" in the sense of "result" or "effect," and in the sense intended in l. 50, p. 70, inf.
- 71, 75-77 This is the jargon of alchemy; a quibble seems intended upon the alchemists' frequent employment of the analogy of human generation, in their treatises on the transmutation or creation of metals.
- 71, 78 "Third Ague fits": paroxysms of tertian fever.

The Change.

- 73, 1 The Spanish motto signifies: "The wise man changes his opinion: the fool persists (in his)."
- 73, 19, 20 The literal Rabbinical conception of a permanent terrestrial Paradise.

To my Sister Anne.

- 74, 1 The youngest sister of Henry King was a spirited and talented girl. Her poetic skill was highly commended by James Howell (cf. "Ep. Ho-el," under February 3, 1637,

and March 26, 1643) and Izaak Walton, as well as by her brother, and she inspired versified tributes by Jasper Mayne (cf. Harl. MS. 6931, ff. 59-60v.) and others.

Elegy on Lady Rich.

75, 1 "Lady Anne Cavendish, first wife of Robert Lord Rich . . . only daughter of William Cavendish, second Earl of Devonshire, by Christian, only daughter of Edward Lord Bruce of Kinlosse," as Hannah (p. 184) quotes from Brydges' "Funeral Memorials," p. 6. She died in the summer of 1638. Her husband was the grandson of the famous Lady Rich who was Sir Philip Sidney's "Stella." This formal elegiac tribute implies no close relationship on Henry King's part.

77, 52-58 "Northumberland": cf. Notes to p. 121, 1, and to p. 122, 33.

Elegy on Mrs. Kirk.

78, 1 This is King's poorest effort in the field of elegy,—cold, artificial, extravagant; evidently no personal relationship existed here. Robert Heath composed an "Epicedium" on the same subject, which has even less feeling and certainly less cleverness and finish than King's. And Glapthorne capped the descending climax in two long and frigidly bombastic absurdities "On the Noble, and much to be lamented Mrs. *Anne Kirk*, wife to Mr. *Geo. Kirk*, Gent. of the Robes, of his Majesties Bed-Chamber, who was unfortunately drowned passing London Bridge, *July 6. 1641.*"

Elegy on Edward Holt.

80, 1 "Edward Holt, son and heir of Sir Thomas Holt, of Aston, Warwickshire, married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Bishop John King. He died at Oxford, in the year 1643, and was buried in the Cathedral of Christ Church on the 30th of August in that year."—Hannah, p. 206. Henry

King's Will, written in 1653, repeats these charges against the elder Holt.

Elegy on Ben Jonson.

- 81, 1 King must have known Jonson at Court. This poem first appeared in March (presumably: cf. Cunningham's ed. of Gifford's "Jonson," 1875, ix, 421), 1638, in the volume called "Jonsonus Virbius," collected and published (anonymously) by Bishop Bryan Duppa in memory of Ben Jonson. King's tribute stands fifth among the twenty-six English poems, preceded by the work of title-bearing authors only.
- 81, 1-3 The old Greek superstition that a house surrounded by laurel growths could not be struck by lightning.
- 81, 13-16 The punctuation given in "Jonsonus Virbius" removes the obscurity: a colon should replace the semicolon in line 14, and the comma should come after "desire" instead of after "adde" in line 15. Then the sense is this: 'and, since I can add nothing except in inclination and good intention, let not your learned shadow scorn me because I pay meaner rites and merely restore to you your own, some echoes of your own inspiration.'

Elegy on Prince Henry.

- 83, 1 The story of this truly noble young Prince's life and death is nowhere more quaintly told than in the annotated version of "Aulicus Coquinariae" included in "The Secret History of the Court of James I," Edinburgh, 1811, II, 239-252. This is the earliest English poem of King's that can be definitely dated, for he was not yet twenty-one years old at the time of the Prince's death, November 6, 1612.
- 83, 5, 6 The MSS. supply several variant readings; e.g.:
 "Low as the Center. Death and horreur wed
 To vent their teemeing misscheife: Henry's dead."
- 83, 11 MS. reading: "Compendious eloquence of Death!"

- 84, 15 MS. reading: "At Earthes last dissolution"; an almost indispensable emendation.
- 84, 18 MS. reading: "Thronges in this narrowe compasse, Henry's dead."

Elegy on S. W. R.

- 84, 1 Several MSS. give the meaning of these initials, and William Oldys, in his great Life prefixed to his ed. of the "History of the World," 1736, I, ccxxxi, quotes this elegy in full as a favorable exemplar of the "several testimonies in verse of Sir *Walter Raleigh's* heroick comportment at his death." Raleigh was executed October 29, 1618. For a possible continuation of King's poem, cf. Note, p. 226 (2), inf.
- 84, 6 The MSS. supply a superior reading; the substitution of "maisterd'st" for "master'd" removes the existing conflict between lines 6 and 8.

Elegy on Bishop John King.

- 85, 1 To Henry King's Sermon vindicating his father's orthodoxy, November 25, 1621, readers are referred for a far more fitting expression of his filial feelings. But these lines, though they seem somewhat cold and formal, were highly approved of by Fuller and various early biographers and anthologists. The elder King died March 30, 1621, after a long and painful illness.
- 86, 5-8 John King's modest instructions concerning his tomb were obeyed in letter only, for an Epitaphium, an Anagram, two Chronograms (cf. Note to p. 155), and two long Latin eulogies were engraved on a large tablet set up beside his grave, in St. Paul's Cathedral.
- 86, 8 A marginal note, in the *editio princeps*, informs us that this single word which John King selected for his epitaph was *Resurgam*.

- 86, 13, 14 This poor pun on the family surname was based upon the family claim of descent from the early Saxon monarchs of Devonshire.
- 86, 19 The third and last of the "Errata" noted in the original printed edition of Henry King's poems is this: "*Pag. 100. lin. 3. for Mattox read Mattocks.*"

Elegy on John Donne.

- 86, 1 This piece was first printed in the 1633 ed. of Donne's "Poems," where it heads the group of memorial tributes in verse. When entering the ministry, Donne was ordained by Bishop John King, with whom he stood on very friendly terms; his friendship with Henry King thus began early and was very intimate, culminating in the latter's serving as literary executor of the great Dean of St. Paul's.
- 87, 8 "Hatchments": achievements, in the heraldic sense; the secondary meaning has become the commonly accepted one, —i.e., funeral drapery on which the family arms were emblazoned. Cf. "Hamlet," IV, v, 214.
- 87, 20 In the version printed in Donne's "Poems," the period at the close of this line is very properly omitted.
- 87, 29ff Walton describes this scene graphically in his "Life of Donne," 1658 ed., pp. 103-105. In January, 1631, Donne preached his last sermon, upon Ps. LXVIII, 20; rising from his sick-bed to do so, he returned to his death-bed. In the 2d ed. of Donne's "Poems," 1635, and the following edd., this marginal note is inserted opposite lines 9, 10: His last Sermon at Court.

Elegy on Gustavus Adolphus.

- 89, 1 This elegy was first printed in "The Swedish Intelligencer," London, a kind of bulletin-record of Gustavus' military career. Of the ten elegies appended to the Third Part, King's is the only one signed. For his possible authorship of one of the others, cf. Note, p. 225 (1), inf.

- 89, 3-9 One of the "twinn'd mountains" is composed "of boundless sorrow" for Gustavus' death, evidently. "T'other of sin," King continues: for let no one consider it anything less than monstrous sin "to begin where honour ends," i.e., to continue where honor has ceased, or, to be dishonorable; for honor has been extinguished with Gustavus, and hardly survives as a mere empty name with us.
- 90, 26 MS. reading: "faine."
- 92, 96 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: *Magis triumphati quam victi*. Tacit. de mor. Ger.
- 93, 118 "string": part of the mechanism of the old-fashioned fusee watch, by means of which the declining power of the relaxing spring was compensated. "With" is used in its original sense of "against."
- 93, 127, 128 "Cassiopeian": In this constellation a brilliant new star appeared, in 1572, and then afterwards disappeared as suddenly. Tycho Brahe's notice of it, *De Stella Nova*, was construed in the English translation, 1632, as a prophecy of Gustavus' greatness (Gustavus was born in 1594). (Cf. Hannah, 182.)
- 93, 133-135 This quotation, which does not appear in the MSS. or in "The Swedish Intelligencer," is correctly referred by Hannah (72) to Aeneid XI, 124-125. The mistaken reference to the Aeneid, "lib. 2," is presumably due to the confusion of English or Arabic eleven with Roman two. "Rex Gustave" has been substituted for "Vir Troiane."

To Sir Henry Blount.

- 94, 1 No details of Henry King's friendship with Sir Henry Blount are known, but it seems to have been a long-standing one (99, 142); perhaps King's unsatisfied taste for travel accounts for his liking for the noted travellers Blount, James Howell, and the Sandys brothers. Blount's "Voyage" was his celebrated book entitled, "A Voyage into the Levant, or a brief Relation of a Journey lately performed from

England by way of Venice into Dalmatia, Slavonia, Bosnato, Hungary, Macedonia, Thessaly, Thrace, Rhodes, and Egypt, unto Grand Cairo, &c." London, 1636. 2d ed. 4to. The book went through eight edd. between 1636 and 1671. If King's repeated "Sir" may be taken as a friendly complimentary allusion to a recently received honor, then the poem may well be dated about 1640; for Blount was knighted March 21, 1640.

- 95, 32 The following entry appears in the catalogue of the Rawlinson MSS., in the Bodleian: "Tomumbeius, sive Sultanici in Aegypto imperii eversio, tragoedia nova. Auctore, Georgio Salterno Bristoensi. Late XVIth Century. The reference is to Tuman bey, made sultan of Egypt in 1516." Cf. Cambuscan, for Genghiz Khan; Tamerlaine (p. 164, 156, inf.), for Timur Leng; etc.
- 95, 36 "Secure": to prevent or preclude (a person) from doing something dangerous or harmful; this sense of the word is now obsolete. The *New Eng. Dict.* gives 1633 as the date of its earliest example.
- 97, 86 "Meschit": mescheeto, or mosque.
- 97, 87 "Mufty": official head of the established church in Turkey.
- 98, 138 "Staple": market, or exchange; obviously, a center of information is here intended, as in Jonson's play, "The Staple of Newes," 1625.

To George Sandys.

- 99, 1 This piece was first printed in the 1638 ed. of Sandys' "Paraphrase upon the Divine Poems," where it follows two tributes by the only titled eulogist, Falkland, and precedes eight others, including the Archbishop's laudatory *Impri-matur*. George Sandys (1578-1644), seventh and youngest son of the Archbishop of York, must have come into friendly contact with Henry King at court and in the church. Some authorities have assigned to Sandys a very important

position in the evolution of the heroic couplet; if so, King may well owe much to his friend's influence. Cf. *Introd.*, p. 4, *sup.*

100, 23 This marginal note appears opposite this line, in the *editio princeps*: *Sr. Edwin Sandys survey of religion in the West*. Edwin Sandys (1561-1629), second son of the Archbishop of York, was successively pupil, friend, and executor of Richard Hooker. The book here alluded to is his "Europae Speculum. Or, A View or Survey of the State of Religion in the Western parts of the World," piratically printed in 1605, first officially published in 1629, and much re-published and translated thereafter.

100, 24 George Sandys' "The Relation of a Journey begun an. Dom. 1610, in Four Books," through Turkey, Egypt, Palestine, etc., appeared in 1615 and went through many editions.

100, 44 "Chorography": cf. King's "Exposition upon The Lords Prayer," 1634, p. 30: "This is the *Psalmists* method, who being to discourse of *Sion*, and make a spirituall corography and description of the beauty thereof," etc. So Camden's "Brittania: A chorographical description of Great Britain," etc., 2d ed., 1722.

101, 53 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: *Job*.

101, 55 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: *Ecclesiastes*.

101, 57-62 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: *The Act of Parliament for publick Thanksgiving on the fifth of Novemb. set to a tune by H. Dod a tradesman of London, at the end of his Psalmes, which stole from the Press Anno Domini 1620*.—This marginal note does not appear with the version of the poem prefixed to Sandys' "Paraphrase" because these six lines are there omitted. Possibly the MS. reading in line 62, "Sternholdes edition," accounts for this omission. The publication of King's own metrical Psalms, meanwhile, of course made it doubly impossible to retain this personal thrust in 1657; the emendation of a single word doubtless seemed preferable to the exclusion of six lines.

NOTES

101, 63, 64, 65 Marginal notes in *editio princeps*: *Hymns Lamentat. Psalmes*.

The Woes of Esay.

103, 1 This piece is a free versification of Isaiah V, 8-30, wherein the successive paragraphs of "God's judgments for sin" begin with the words "Woe unto them that."

106, 66 "To": in comparison with (their own powers of penetration).

106, 69 "Imp": clip, cut short; applied by a misunderstanding of the hawking term. The *New Eng. Dict.* cites the present passage as the earliest use of the word in this sense.

106, 74 "To:" like to, equal to, so great as.

107, 99 Cf. Isaiah V, 26: "And he will lift up an ensign to the nations from far." The apostrophe in "sign's" should be omitted, or a colon inserted after "advanc'd."

On Death and a Prison.

108, 22 "By": beside, in comparison with.

109, 40 "Darkness": after this word an "is" may have disappeared, by absorption.

The Labyrinth.

111, 1 Here, as in the two preceding poems and "An Elegy Occasioned by Sickness," particularly, Henry King owes much to Joshuah Sylvester.

112, 40 "At the view": in plain sight, when the quarry or goal is close at hand,—a hunting term. So in King's Lenten Sermon, 1625: "True speculation doth not alwaies hunt objects at the view."

Sic Vita.

113, 1 This poem strikingly illustrates the "communism" prevailing in the seventeenth century, for it has been ascribed to several writers and its matter and manner were common

property. In the unprinted Thesis above referred to (cf. Preface, p. vi.), Appendix A gives fifteen other stanzas written on the same model by various hands, together with an elaborate parody and an elaborate variation, and further brings forward detailed evidence to establish the overwhelming probability of Henry King's authorship of this particular example (though the question can never be absolutely settled) as well as the reasonable probability of his priority in employing the stanzaic form involved. It seems likely that the source of the form and the sentiment is to be found in some classical author; e.g., cf. Seneca's "Troïades," 378-399; "Oedipus," 131, 132; "Phaedra," 764-772. The title may well have been taken from King's favorite, Petronius, cap. 45: "sic vita truditur."

My Midnight Meditation.

- 114, 1 Three MSS. (in one of which the title is "Of Mans Misery") ascribe this piece to Henry King's next younger brother, Dr. John King; but five MSS. ascribe it to Henry, and his claim is further strengthened by the internal unlikeness to his brother's known work (which is considerably inferior), while there are several close parallels to Henry King's poems and sermons and to the work of poets whom he frequently echoes.

An Elegy Occasioned by Sickness.

- 115, 1 The "Prophet" here referred to must be either Job (VII, 17; XV, 14) or the Psalmist (VIII, 4; CXLIV, 3).
 116, 9 A MS. annotator in the British Museum copy of the 1657 issue substitutes "Thebes" for "Boetis," presumably because he, like Henry King, was associating the Egyptian Thebes with the Boeotian.
 116, 33 The MSS. read: "Just such is his."
 118, 90ff Manichaeism is at the root of the various heretical sects supporting this doctrine.

119, 93, 94 Posidippus' Epigram in the Greek Anthology, based upon Theognis, seems to be the earliest literary source of this sentiment; it was much translated or imitated in the seventeenth century. In the *editio princeps*, this side-note appears in the margin opposite these lines: *Non nasci, aut quam citissime mori*. (Cf. Cicero's "Tusc. Disp.," I, 48, 114).

The Dirge.

120, 27, 28 MS. reading:

"Whilst it demonstrates Times swift flight
In the black Lines of Shady night."

An Elegy on Lady Stanhope.

121, 1 This lamented lady, Anne Percy, was the daughter of the Countess Anne Cecil Percy, whose death is alluded to above (77, 52-58); the younger Lady Anne, here lamented, was born August 12, 1633, married Philip, Lord Stanhope, June 21, 1652, and died November 29, 1654. The connecting link between Henry King and the Percys, Earls of Northumberland, was in part Charles I's early fondness for the tenth Earl (father of the subject of this elegy), but chiefly the fact that Petworth, in Sussex, fourteen miles from Chichester, was at once a rectorage of Henry King's and the family seat of the Percys.

121, 5 "Hatchments": Cf. Note to 87, 8.

122, 33, 34 Both the loss of a daughter (Lady Stanhope) and the loss of a wife (her mother; his first wife, who died December 6, 1637) have befallen Northumberland, and so his bereavement has been augmented ("improve") and his sorrow doubled.

122, 47 The "*FINIS*" indicates that this was the end of the original volume. In the 1657 and 1700 issues of the *editio princeps*, the next page was the blank (unpaged) side of the last leaf at the end of the volume, and was therefore

used for the following list of typographical errors: "ERRATA. Page 2. The Pink never wrote by the Author of these Poems. Pag. 22. lin. 8. for she read air. Pag. 100. lin. 3. for Mattox read Mattocks." Page 2 should read Page 21. In the 1664 issue of the *editio princeps* this list remains intact on this page, though four new poems follow it on thirty-eight additional pages with the new page-headings "ELEGIES" instead of "POEMS," new signatures, and separate page-numbering, 1-38,—here numbered 123-156.

An Elegy on L. K. C.

- 123, 1 Hannah (p. 99) gives a fuller title for this poem, from a MS. version: "An Elegy on the right HO.^{RBLE} and my Worthiest Freind the L: Katherine, Countesse of Leinst'r." This lady was the younger daughter of John, Lord Stanhope of Harrington (younger branch of the Stanhopes represented by Lady Anne Percy's husband; cf. Note to 121, 1), and wife of Robert Cholmondeley, a Welshman who was made a baron of England and then an earl, 1645-1646, in return for distinguished service to Charles I during the civil war. The countess died June 15 and was buried July 3, 1657. Presumably Henry King spent some time near or with this couple during the period of the Usurpation, for the intimate tone and personal references distinguish this tribute very markedly from the merely formal or official elegies which he dedicated to Lady Anne Rich (p. 75) and Lady Stanhope (p. 121).
- 124, 32 "Rest": wager,—a very common figure of speech at this time; its serious use, in the most tragic passages, is perhaps best illustrated by Romeo's familiar line in his supreme *liebes-tod* (V, iii, 110).
- 124, 35-54 This promise seems to have been kept, for no poem of Henry King's can be dated later than 1657, his sixty-sixth year.

On the Earl of Essex.

- 125, 1 Robert Devereux, third and last Earl of Essex, son of Elizabeth's favorite, was born in 1591, became commander-in-chief of the Parliamentary army in 1642, and died September 14, 1646, after a somewhat inglorious military career. Henry King's father was one of the two prelates who stood out manfully against Essex' scandalous divorce (September 25, 1613) from Frances Howard. Essex' second marriage, to Elizabeth Paulet in 1631, led to a separation on the charge of adultery. The second of the "two Divorces" mentioned in line 3, refers to his revolt from his allegiance to Charles I.
- 125, 7, 8 An allusion to his opposition to Cromwell and to all extreme measures, in his closing years.
- 126, 21 This paragraph, like the following, is in construction a predicate with "He" (line 13) as subject.
- 126, 32 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: *Belshazar*, Dan. 5.
- 126, 36-38 I.e.: in keeping with their sworn agreement (regardless of their oath of allegiance to Charles) to "live and die with Essex." This oath was exacted of all members of the House of Commons, August 15, 1642, by way of retaliation after the King had proclaimed Essex and his officers traitors, August 9. Cf. p. 147, 286.

An Elegy on Lucas and Lisle.

- 126, 1 Lucas and Lisle were condemned by Court Martial and shot five hours after the surrender of Colchester, August 28, 1643, at the end of a seventy-five days' siege. For a vindication of this summary execution, cf. Milton's sonnet "On the Lord General Fairfax, at the Siege of Colchester," and Clements R. Markham's "Life of the Great Lord Fairfax," chap. xxvii.
- 127, 31ff Marginal note in the *editio princeps*: *Sir George Lisle at Newbury charged in his Shirt and Routed them.*

- Further, the side-note *Patroclus* appears opposite line 49, p. 128.
- 128, 60 The phrase "to Mercy" is the crux of the whole dispute. King assumes that it bore its ordinary literal sense and so was a pledge of safety, but this is hardly in accordance with military usage; its true signification would seem to have been, "at discretion."
- 128, 64 "President": Phonetic spelling of "precedent."
- 128, 66 Marginal note in the *editio princeps*: *Famagosta defended most Valiantly by Signior Bragadino in the time of Selymus 2d was upon Honourable terms surrendered to Mustapha the Bashaw, who observing no Conditions, at his Tent Murdered the Principal Commanders, invited thither under shew of Love, and flayed Bragadine Alive.*
- 130, 105 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: *The Swedes hired Anno 164. to invade the King of Denmark, provided to assist his Nephew the King of England.* (The date is imperfect in all copies of the *editio princeps*, apparently.)
- 130, 115 Matthew Hopkins inaugurated the new profession of witch-seeking in 1644; after he had caused the death of scores of helpless old men and women, his own method or test was applied to himself (i.e., he was cast into a pond, with thumbs and great toes tied together), and when he "swam" or floated he was adjudged guilty and hanged, in 1647.
- 130, 117 "Cad": the *New Eng. Dict.* quotes this line as the first use of the word; meaning, "familiar spirit"; etymology unknown.
- 130, 122 The executive power of government was vested by Parliament, February, 1644, in a Committee of Both Kingdoms, which first sat at Derby House, in Canon Row, London. The Westminster Assembly, 1644, superseded the Episcopal Church as the Committee superseded Charles.
- 132, 160 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: *See the Letter sent to Edward Earl of Manchester, Speaker of the House of*

Peers pro tempore, from T. Fairfax, Dated August 29. 1648. at *Hieth*. (This letter with other related papers may be found in "Collection of Pamphlets Anno 1648," articles 35, 24, 18, etc. [British Museum, shelf-number E 461]. On the showing of these documents, the execution of Lucas and Lisle is open to no such criticism as King urges against it.)

132, 170 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: Wat-Tyler and his Complices design was to take away the King and chief Men, and to erect petty Tyrannies to themselves in every Shire. And already one Littistar a Dyar had taken upon Him in Norfolk the Name of King of Commons, and Robert Westborn in Suffolk, Rich. 2. Anno 1381. Speed.

132, 183 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: At St. Fagans in Glamorganshire near Cardiff, The Welsh unarmed were taken in very great Numbers, and Sold for twelve pence a piece to certain Merchants, who bought them for Slaves to their Plantation.

133, 188 "Aspers": small silver Turkish coins, worth 1-120 of a piastre.

133, 194 "Argiers": Cf. *Tempest*, I, ii, 309, and Furness' citation of Collier's note: "The name for Algiers till about the Restoration."

133, 201 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: Grimes now a Captain, formerly a Tinker at St. Albans, with his own hand Killed four of the Prisoners, being not able for Faintness to go on with the rest, of which number Lieutenant Woodward was one: Likewise at Thame, and at Whateley, some others were Kill'd.

136, 284 "*Caput Algol*": the star known as Medusa's Head, in the constellation Perseus; the word Algol is apparently the Arabic equivalent of Medusa, al-ghûl, the ghou! or female demon. King's use of the word would seem to antedate the earliest example (1649) given in the *New Eng. Dict.*

136, 295ff Marginal note in *editio princeps*: I Kings 2.32. vers.

NOTES

An Elegy on King Charles I.

- 137, 1 King's "Anniversary Sermon," 1665, is simply a prose version of this poem, as if expanded from the same notes, and may profitably be consulted throughout.
- 137, 12 This line lacks one syllable, metrically; perhaps the word "our" was accidentally omitted before "eyes."
- 138, 32 "Bosome interest": cf. *Macbeth*, I, ii, 38. King's "Inauguration Sermon," 1640, furnishes a further commentary upon this poem; for this catalogue of Charles' virtues, cf. pp. 54-56.
- 139, 51, 52 Marginal note in *editio princeps*:—*Sparguntur in omnes, In te mista fluunt*—Claudian.
- 139, 53-56 'O frail glories, which feel tempests force you to relinquish your firmest foundation (i.e., innocence and real worth)! What shall save you, since innocence cannot?'
- 139, 61 From here onwards to p. 153, l. 476, the members of the Long Parliament are the persons addressed and attacked in this poem.
- 139, 63 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: *Call'd the Councel of Troubles*.
- 139, 73 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: *The form of taking the Covenant*, June 1643.
- 140, 98 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: *Diodorus Siculus* lib. 2.
- 141, 119 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: *Remonstrance of the State of the Kingdom*, Dec. 15. 1641.
- 141, 130ff Marginal notes in *editio princeps*: *Ord.* Feb. 29. *Voted* March 15. *The Navy seiz'd* Mar. 28. 1642. *The London Tumults.* Jan. 10. 1641.
- 142, 142 Read, "Mouths" and "maintain."
- 142, 151 The closing of the Theatres, September 2, 1642.
- 142, 159 "Stale": bait, decoy, stalking-horse.

- 143, 172 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: At Basing-Chapel Sold Dec. 29. 1643.
- 143, 175 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: At Winchester.
- 143, 181 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: Lactant. L.2.c.4.
- 143, 185 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: Julian. Praefectus Aegypti. Theodoret. L.3.c.11. (The same reference is indicated in line 189 by the marginal note, *ibid.*)
- 143, 191 "His death present": Christ's dying gift or legacy to humanity (i.e., the bread and wine of the Eucharist).
- 143, 192 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: Ganguin. L.6.
- 144, 197 Sir Arthur Haselrig, Waller's second in command, was guilty of special outrages in the sacking of Chichester Cathedral, Chapter House, and Episcopal Palace, December 29, 1642, and following days. Cf. "Sussex Arch. Coll.," 1881, xxxi, 205-208.
- 144, 200 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: The Carpet belonging to the Communion Table of Winchester Cathedral, Dec. 18, 1642.
- 144, 205 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: Adrian Emp.
- 144, 221ff Marginal note in *editio princeps*: At Winchcomb in Gloucestershire.—The outrages mentioned in these lines are described (with parallels too close for mere coincidence, apparently) in a strange composition running to seventy-five pages of inferior heroic couplets, entitled "The Four Ages of England: or, The Iron Age. . . . Written in the Year 1648," sometimes ascribed to Cowley.
- 145, 224 Cf. 2 Kings X, 18-28. One of the two points of punctuation before "a Draught" should be omitted, and perhaps a dash inserted.
- 145, 230 A reference to the baptism and surname of Constantine V, Emperor of the East 741-775, son of Leo III, the Iconoclast.
- 145, 235 "Your": apostrophizing the members of the Long Parliament again.

NOTES

- 145, 241 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: Whitehall, Windsor. Feb. 3. 1643.
- 145, 246 Bel was among Assyrians and Babylonians about what Baal was among the Canaanites.
- 146, 274, 275 Marginal notes in *editio princeps*: *E. of Essex Army*, Aug. 1. 1642. *The Standard at Nottingham*, Aug. 25. 1642.
- 147, 283 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: June 27. 1643.
- 147, 286 Cf. Note on 126, 36-38, sup. The marginal note here, in the *editio princeps*, makes the same reference: *Declaration and Resolution of Parl.* Aug. 15. 1642.
- 147, 293 "Trains": wiles, lures, plots, stratagems.
- 147, 301-302 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: *History of English and Scottish Presbytery*, p. 320.
- 148, 313-314 Milton has, of course, given this idea its definitive form in the last line of his piece "On the New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament": "New *Presbyter* is but old *Priest* writ large."
- 148, 320 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: *The 19 Propos.* (Enunciated in May, 1642).
- 148, 333-335 Marginal notes in *editio princeps*: April 27. 1646. May 5. 1646.
- 149, 350 Quibble intended on the legal and ethical senses of the word "Liberty."
- 149, 351 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: *This Order publish'd by beat of Drum*, May 4. 1646.
- 150, 389-390 Cf. Marvell's "Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland," stanzas 12-14.
- 150, 392 "Lieger-Hangman": resident executioner.
- 150, 402ff Marginal notes in *editio princeps*: Jan. 3. 1647. Jan. 9. 1647.
- 151, 405-414 Apparently, these lines are two complex temporal clauses ("when that Cloud remov'd" and "when the King-

- dom cry'd") dating the action described in the imperative main clause, lines 415-420. The interrogation point at the end of 414 should be replaced by a colon and dash.
- 151,408 Marginal note in *editio princeps*: Colchester Siege. (Cf. preceding elegy.)
- 151,413ff Marginal note in *editio princeps*: June 30. 1648. *Treaty Voted*, July 28. 1648.
- 151,429-432 The Army shut the King up at Hurst Castle and then at Windsor; and "shut out" the undesirable element in Parliament by means of Pride's Purge, December 6, 1648.
- 151,432 "Hand-wolves": trained wolves, brought up by hand.
- 152,433 "You and They": the Long Parliament and the Army.
- 152,445 Cf. 161,71-75.
- 152,457-458 Double quibble: clew=trace, and thread; Ravel=examine into, and unwind.
- 153,485-486 Cf. 2 Chron. XXXV, 24, 25—the text of King's "Anniversary Sermon," 1665.
- 153,490-506 These lines are an important testimony to the current belief in the royal authorship of "Eikon Basilike," for they are dated within six weeks of the execution. In his "Anniversary Sermon," 1665, Henry King reaffirms his faith, by implication at least, and indulges in a spiteful fling at the blind Milton for his "Iconoclastes." See reproduction, facing p. 152, sup.
- 154,520 Cf. 2 Kings IX, 31.
- 155 The sense of this chronogram is obvious (i.e., "Charles Stuart, King of England, departed this life on the 30th of January, murdered with an axe."), and the date is easily read if the letters in large type are printed alone, in proper order: MCCCCCLXVVVVVVIIIIIIII,=1648. One of the two chronograms on the "Table" by Bishop John King's grave (cf. note on 86,5-8, sup.) is this: seqVentVr qVI nonDVM praeCessere, i.e., "Those who have not already gone before, shall follow"; by taking out and rearranging

the letters in larger type, we arrive at the date of John King's death, MDCVVVVI,=1621. Addison, in a paper on "False Wit," *Spectator* No. 60, May 9, 1711, sufficiently ridicules such laborious trifling.

[This chronogram served as colophon for the 1664 issue of the *editio princeps*. The remaining poems in the present volume (except for the four epigrams which Hannah printed in his selection) have not hitherto been included in any edition of Henry King's work.]

A Deepe Groane, etc.—(*Second Elegy on Charles I*).

- 157 This title-page is taken from the Bodleian copy (shelf-number, Wood 364.29) of the first issue; the "D.H.K." in this copy is thus filled out in early MS.: "Dr. Hen. King Bp of Chich." A similar MS. ascription appears in three of the four copies (representing all three issues of the piece, the second printing being ascribed to I.B. and the third being anonymous, but all appearing in the same year, 1649) collated for the text of the present edition. The proof of King's authorship (accepted by Lowndes, Hazlitt, and other bibliographers) depends upon Wood's attribution ("Athen. Oxon.," III, 841), upon the early MS. ascriptions, and upon the internal evidence of style and of parallelism with King's Sermons and his acknowledged poems. This elegy is certainly inferior to the preceding, in power and poetry, but the change in point of view or purpose might explain this; for the preceding is devoted to a fiery attack on Parliament with an impassioned lament for desecrated ecclesiasticism and fallen monarchy, while the present effusion is devoted to King Charles personally and so falls into the conventional extravagances which disfigure pp. 76, 78, 79, 137, 138, etc., sup., as well as King's Sermons on similar subjects.

The text of the present edition is that of the second or "I.B." version (Bodleian; Pamphlets. 88. 1649. I.), while the variants recorded in these Notes are drawn from the

- two other printings. Variant readings that are obviously inferior have been omitted.
- 159, 21 Marginal note in original text: *Caligula*.
- 160, 34 "Gashing": variant reading, "gasping."
- 160, 53 Francis Ravallac assassinated Henry IV, of France, in 1610.
- 160, 54 John Ruthven, Earl of Gowrie, led the conspiracy against James VI, of Scotland, in 1600.
- 160, 57 "Apochyphall": variant reading, "Apocryphall."
- 161, 73 "Bedlane": variant reading, "Bedlam."
- 161, 77 "Scepture the Head": variant reading, "Scepter; th' Head."
- 162, 98 "The Red Sea?": variant reading, "this."
- 162, 99 "Deading": variant reading, "leading." But King uses "dead" as a transitive verb on p. 33 of his Funeral Sermon for Duppa, 1662.
- 162, 114 The two syllables missing here, metrically, are supplied by the variant reading: "stabs at Higher *Majestie*."
- 163, 128 "But how much": variant reading, "By how much."
- 163, 134 "A plague-sore, blayne": variant reading, "A plague-sore-blast." But "blain," meaning "inflammation" or "pustule," makes perfect sense here.
- 163, 139 "Commence": the technical term for taking a University degree.
- 163, 146 Thy whole life has been one long execution.
- 164, 154-156 Cf. Marlowe's "Tamburlaine," Part One, IV, ii, et seq.
- 164, 155 The syllable missing here, metrically, is supplied by the variant reading: "might yet have layne."
- 164, 157 It is entirely possible that King intended a specific reference here (e.g., to one of the Episodes recounted by Diodorus Siculus, XX, 44, or Justin, XVIII, 3); but more probably he used "Sidonian" as a general term of reproach

- to stigmatize the religious foes of Israel. Cf. Gen. X, 15; Matt. XI, 21, 22.
- 164, 168 "World, proud conquest": variant reading, "Worlds proud."
- 164, 169 "Keepst": variant reading, "kept'st."
- 164, 170 Perhaps an allusion to the frontispiece or "Embleme" accompanying the original edition of "Eikon Basilike."
- 164, 173 Marginal note in the variant versions: Cynegirus.
- 164, 176 "The": variant reading, "Thy."
- 165, 179 Marginal note in original text: *Horatius. Cocles.*
- 165, 192 "Souls": variant reading, "Soule."
- 165, 199-200 Charles refused to live at the price of sacrificing his people; i.e., he died rather than surrender his people's right to be ruled by him. The next four lines illustrate this ultra-royalist view.
- 165, 201 Marginal note in original text: *Codrus.*
- 166, 211 "Art least": the variant reading, "at least," goes only half way; we should preferably read, "at last."
- 166, 214 "Nephews": descendants, successors, or here perhaps posterity in general.
- 166, 215-216 The parenthesis should not close till the end of line 216, obviously; the variant reading supplies this emendation.
- 166, 216 Allusion to the wording of the formal death-sentence pronounced against Charles.
- 166, 218 Olibanum was an aromatic gum used for incense.
- 167, 237-242 This is a free version of lines 75-81 in Buchanan's "Genethliacon Jacobi Sexti Regis Scotorum," a birthday ode on the nativity of James, in 1566. The variant versions of King's elegy supply improved readings here: we should read *benigna* for *benigni* (17), *Principe majus* for *principe major* (18), and *sui* for *sin* (22).

- 167, 243 George Buchanan (1506-1582), tutor of James VI of Scotland, is frequently inveighed against in King's Sermons; he wrote "De Jure Regni," which became almost the Bible of the Long Parliament on account of its defence of limited monarchy and tyrannicide.

Epigrams.

- 168, 169 These Epigrams are reprinted from Hannah's edition, after his text had been collated with the versions included in the Malone MS. volume of King's poems. He refers the first motto, from Petronius, to "c. 14"; the second, from Martial, to "I. 14"; and the third, from Petronius, to "c. 83." The fourth, which he apparently could not identify, is assigned to Terentianus Maurus, "De Literis, Syllabis, et Metris," 1286, in Harbottle's "Dict. Clas. Quot." 1897, p. 78.

On J. K., first-born of H. K.

- 173, 1 The text is taken from Rawl. MS. D. 317, fol. 175, collated with the copy in Harl. MS. 6917, ff. 96v., 97. Both versions are signed, the first with Henry King's monogram, the second with his initials; the first codex is almost entirely given up to Oxford people and affairs of this particular period, while the second is chiefly devoted to Henry King's own work; and furthermore the Rawl. version is in Henry King's autograph, as diligent comparison with his five signed letters proves. So the external evidence seems to establish King's authorship satisfactorily, and is decisively corroborated by the internal evidence of style and subject-matter. "J. K." was, of course, Henry King's eldest child, John, who died in infancy, 1618-1619.

- 173, 11 "Bating": fluttering; taking flight.

To One that Demanded, etc.

- 174, 1 Taken from Malone MS. vol., fol. 24. Plainly an earlier version of the piece printed on pp. 41, 42, sup.

NOTES

To a Lady, etc.

- 174, 1 Taken from Malone MS. vol., fol. 34. Plainly an earlier version of the piece printed on pp. 26, 27, sup.

Epigram.

- 174, 1 Taken from Malone MS. vol., fol. 31v. King dealt with this subject at greater length in his Paradox, "That Fruition destroyes Love," p. 69, sup. The motto is assigned to "Satyricon, Cap. 15," in Harbottle's "Dict. Clas. Quot.," 1897, p. 166.

A Contemplation upon Flowers.

- 177, 1 This beautiful little poem is taken from Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 105v. It is there signed "H: Kinge:", and the whole codex is largely given up to Henry King's work, family, and affairs. On the strength of this single MS. attribution, Professor E. Arber printed the poem as King's in his "Milton Anthology," 1899, p. 98 (and Note, p. 301, *ibid.*); and on the basis of Arber's authority plus "internal evidence,—style, thought, cadence, etc.," Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch assigned the poem to King in his "Oxford Book of English Verse," 1900, p. 286. The subjective test, of internal evidence, is particularly unsatisfactory in this period, and a single MS. commonplace-book attribution is hardly conclusive; so, in spite of King's employment of almost the same metre in "The Double Rock," p. 13, sup., it has seemed safest to print this piece among the Doubtful Poems.
- 177, 14 "Take truce": have respite, have a temporary intermission from pain or struggle.

The Complaint, and On his Shaddow.

- 178-181 "On his Shaddow" fills ff. 173, 173v., 174, and 174v., of Rawl. MS. D. 317. On fol. 175 appears the elegy "Upon ye untimely death of J. K. first borne of H. K.," as described

in the Note to p. 173, sup. Ff. 175v., 176, 176v., are blank, the last two being uncut. These eight pages or four leaves are really a single large piece of paper folded twice. "The Complaint," on fol. 161, Rawl. MS. D. 317, is written on a separate sheet of the same kind of paper, followed by an extra blank leaf, unnumbered. All three poems are in Henry King's autograph. "The Complaint" and "On his Shaddow" are unsigned, and hence are tentatively catalogued in the Bodleian as "Quo. by H. King?" In manner and matter they might well be fruits of his younger days, and their inclusion (also unsigned) in Harl. MS. 6917, ff. 97-98v., establishes a further ground for associating them with Henry King. However, in default of positive proof they are placed among the Doubtful Poems. The text here given is that of the Rawl. MS.

178, 8 "Careles Boy": Cupid.

178, 9 "Convey'd": substituted.

179, 10 "Were borrow": Harl. MS. reading, "we borrow."

179, 23 "Harbourd'st": Harl. MS. reading, "harbourst."

180, 55 Harl. MS. reading: "Earth could not match."

181, 71, 72 To win fame, one must fall on the field of honour.

Wishes to my Son John, etc.

181, 1 This poem appears (unsigned) on ff. 101v., 102, in Harl. MS. 6917. If one of two details be emended, this piece may be unhesitatingly assigned to King: we should read either "Jan. 1, 1622 (or 3, or 4)" so as to bring the date within Anne Berkeley King's lifetime, or else "such as *was* thy Sires," at line 41, p. 182. With either of these alterations, the internal evidence would establish King's authorship beyond question. The other alternative is the hypothesis that this poem is correct and authentic as it stands, and that the reference in 182, 41, concerns his second wife, *not* Anne Berkeley. The whole passage, 182,

40-46, certainly suggests the unromantic, utilitarian kind of marriage which may be inferred from the poems on pp. 33-35, sup. In this case, "The Anniverse," p. 55, sup., must have been written only a very short time before the second wedding; but, of course, "1630" in the title of the present poem really means "1631." When the references to facts in King's life, and the parallels to his known works, are considered, it will be felt that this piece has been dealt with very conservatively in being placed among the Doubtful Poems.

182, 15ff These pious wishes were but ill requited by John King's amour in 1646 at Aldbury, Surrey. (Cf. "Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences," XVIII, 241.)

182, 19-21 These lines should read as follows:

"May a pure soule inhabite still
This well-mixt clay, and a streight will:
This act by Reason, that by Grace."

I.e., the Will may act by (human) Reason, but the Soul requires (divine) Grace for the proper guidance of its action.

182, 24, 26 Ellipsis of "may," in each line.

182, 28 This line strengthens the argument for Henry King's authorship; for unless this be the familiar pun on the family name (cf. Note on 86, 13, 14, sup.), there is no meaning in wishing that the boy may be a "priest" *as well as* a "Kinge." The next three lines, also, are strikingly applicable to Henry King's life.

182, 39 "Line": cf. Psalm XIX, 4, and Isaiah XXVIII, 10, 13.

182, 40-46 Cf. 100, 25-32, sup. For discussion of the question of Henry King's second marriage, cf. the present writer's article in the "Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences," Yale University Press, 1913, XVIII, pp. 238-239, 285-286.

183, 47, 48 "Gowne-men": lawyers. In his Will (Hannah, cxi), King mentions "a thousand pounds, which by a long and chargeable suite I recovered from Nicholas Arnold Esquire upon a Judgment att common law."

Elegus: on Dr. Spenser.

183, 1 Taken from Rawl. MS. D. 912, fol. 305v.; the Latin "Elegvs," of which this is a translation, occupies fol. 305, and the poem thus fills both sides of a single large foolscap sheet. The Latin original is in King's autograph, and bears this signature: "Maerens posuit Hen: Kinge ex Aede Chri:." The English translation is inferior to the Latin, is in a different hand, employs a metre not found elsewhere in Henry King's poetry, and omits the closing distich (which is too neat to be ignored:

"Solus enim patitur genuinos iste dolores,
Quique tacendo dolet, quique dolendo tacet").

The case for King's authorship rests upon the many emendations and changes (in both Latin and English MSS.) which would hardly have been made by any one but the acknowledged author. Spenser, a friend of Bishop John King, died April 3, 1614.

[It is perhaps fitting for the present editor to record here his conviction that the first four of these "Doubtful Poems" were written by Henry King, in all human probability, while the fifth probably was not. There remain four pieces wherein the chances of King's authorship are so slight as hardly to justify their inclusion in full in this edition, though brief mention must be accorded them:

(1) In Malone MS. 21, ff. 7-8v., there appears "An Elegy upon ye Kg of Swedens Death (1632)," 114 lines, signed "Dr. Hen: King." This elegy was printed (unsigned) in the supplement to "The Swedish Intelligencer" (cf. Note to 89, 1, sup.),

where it stands third from the end. It is very unlikely that Henry King would have printed two elegies on this subject (cf. pp. 89-93, sup.) in the same publication, the first with and the second without his signature.

(2) In Harl. MS. 3910, fol. 28v., and Rawl. MS. Misc. 699, p. 35, King's "An Elegy Upon S. W. R." (pp. 84, 85, sup.) has affixed to it seven octosyllabic couplets on the same subject. Hannah ("Courtly Poets," 1870, xxix) does not claim these lines for King; and in the MSS. they are ascribed to "W. R." or "A. B.," but never to "H. K."

(3) A 48-line effusion, entitled "Doctor King his Farewell to the world," appears in Egert. MS. 2725, ff. 61, 61v., and in Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 14; but several other MSS. ascribe the piece to Sir Kenelm Digby, and it has also been assigned to Raleigh, Wotton, and Donne. In E. K. Chambers' "Muses' Library" ed. of Donne, 1896, II, 273, this piece is printed with the last stanza of King's "The Farewell" (p. 16, 19-24, sup.) incorporated as conclusion. Both Hannah ("Courtly Poets," 1870, 109) and Chambers confess the impossibility of assigning the piece definitely to any author, and certainly King's claim is by no means the strongest.

(4) Hannah, in his edition of King's poems (p. 102), prints in square brackets a twelve-line elegy which he found, without title or signature, at the close of his MS. volume of King's poetry. It immediately follows King's authentic elegy on the Countess of Leinster (123-125, sup.), but is so different from that in tone as to need considerably more evidence than at present exists before it can be accepted as even probably Henry King's work.]

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: March 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 009 880 355 5